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POWER AND CHARM.

A COT was ours, lone on a wooded fell
That gazed into a fairy mere renowned.
On our right hand the mountains gloomed around ;
Suave, on our left, were copse and ferny dell.
Thus betwixt Power and Charm we abode ; and well
Loved we the brows of Power, with silence crowned ;
Yet many a time, when awesomely they frowned,
To Charm we turned, with Charm, with Charm to dwell.

So have I turned, when overbrooded long
By that great star-familiar peak austere,
My Milton's Sinai-Helicon divine,
To some far earthlier singer's earthsweet song :
A song frail as the windflower, and as dear,
With no more purpose than the eglantine.

WILLIAM WATSON.

AIRMEN O' WAR.

III. SILVER WINGS.

BY BOYD CABLE.

AN old man working in one of the aircraft factories once complained that he was not very satisfied with his job. 'I've got three boys out Front, all in the infantry; and I keep thinkin' to myself, Why shouldn't I be doin' some sort of munition work that 'ud help my own three boys? I don't know a livin' soul in the Flyin' Corps; why should I be workin' for them, an' not makin' shells or bombs or suthin' that 'ud be helpin' my own three boys?'

And then somebody told him how he *was* helping his boys, what the work of the air services really meant, how the artillery observation, and photographing, and bombing, and directing the guns on to hostile batteries and machine-gun emplacements, and so on, all worked up to the one great end, to making the task easier for the infantry, to saving the lives of the men on the ground; and told a few stories of some of the ninety and nine ways this help works out.

The old man was fully satisfied and grateful for all that was told him, and declared he'd go back to his job with twice the heart—'just knowin' I'm doin' mebbe the best work I could, and that I'm givin' real help to my own three boys.'

Amongst the tales told him the one of 'Silver Wings' perhaps impressed him most, and that, probably because it bore more plainly its own meaning of help to the infantry, was more easy to make clear than the technicalities of artillery observation and the rest.

And just because it is such a good instance of how, after all, the chief or only end and aim of the air services is the helping to victory of the men on the ground this story of Silver Wings may be worth the telling here.

Hard fighting had been in progress for some days, and the flying men had been kept desperately busy from dawn to dark on the various branches of their several works, when a 'dud day'—a day of rain and squalls and hurricane winds—gave them a chance to rest.

Towards afternoon the weather showed signs of abating a little, and word came through to the squadron to which Silver Wings

belonged asking if they could get a machine in the air and make a short patrol over the line on a special reconnaissance. A heavy and unpleasantly gusty wind was still blowing, but a pilot and machine were picked for the job and presently made the attempt. An anxious squadron commander and a good many of the pilots watched the trial and saw the quick result. The machine was brought out with mechanics hanging to the wing-tips to steady her against the gusts, the engine started and given a trial run up; then the pilot eased her off, looked round, felt his controls, ran the engine up again until his machine was throbbing and quivering to the pull of the whirling propeller, and waved the signal to haul away the chocks that blocked his wheels. His machine began at once to taxi up into the wind, still swaying and swinging dangerously, and then, in answer to the pilot's touch, lifted clear of the ground ducked a second, rose again and swooped upward. The watching crowd let go a breath of relief as she rose clear, but before the breath was out it changed to a gasp of horror as the machine, caught by some current or eddy of wind, swerved, heeled, righted under the desperate effort of the pilot, slipped sideways, and with a sudden swoop plunged and crashed on the ground. The machine was hopelessly smashed and the pilot was dead when they ran and came to him and picked him up.

The squadron commander would have abandoned or postponed the attempt to get a machine up, but the pilot of Silver Wings spoke to him and urged that he be allowed to have a try. 'I'm sure I can get her off,' he said. 'I'll take her right over to the far side of the ground clear of the currents round the sheds. I know what she can do, and I'm certain I can make it.'

So the major gave a reluctant consent, and they all watched breathlessly again while Silver Wings fought her way along the ground against the wind, lifted suddenly, drove level for a hundred feet, swooped sickeningly again until her wheels were a bare six feet off the ground, hoicked up and away. Everyone could see by her dips and dives and sudden heelings and quick righting how bumpy and gusty the air was, and it was not until she was up several hundred feet and came curving round with the wet light shining on her silvery planes that the watchers on the ground heaved a sigh of relief, watched her streak off down wind, and swing in a climbing turn that lifted her farther and farther into the safety of height.

'He's all right now,' said one. 'Only, the Lord help him when

he comes to land again.' The hum of the engine droned down to them, and the shining wings wheeled again close up against the dark background of the low clouds and shot swiftly down wind towards the lines.

Over the lines she turned again and began to fight her way across wind and moving slowly north. The wind constantly forced her drifting over Hunland, and in accordance with his orders to hold close along the front, the pilot had to keep making turns that brought him facing back to the west and fighting slowly up wind, edging off a little and slanting north and watching the landscape slide off sideways under him. And so, tacking and manœuvring, buffeted and wind-blown, he edged his way along the front, his eyes alternately on the instrument-board and on the ground and puffing shell smoke beneath, his ears filled with the roar of his engine and the shriek and boom of the wind beating about him, his hands and feet in constant motion, juggling with controls, feeling, balancing, handling the throbbing horse-power and the wind-tossed fabric under him. And so at last, at the end of a hard-fought hour, he came to the spot he sought, circled and 'sat over it' for five minutes, and watched and tried to pick up the details of the struggle that spluttered and spat in smoke-puffs and flashing jets of fire and leaping spouts of earth and smoke beneath him. He began to piece together the meaning of what he could see and of what he had been told before he set out. A body of our infantry in the attack had gone too far, or their supports had not come far enough, with the result that they had been cut off and surrounded and were fighting desperately to hold off the infantry attacks that pressed in on them under a heavy supporting artillery fire. The cut-off party were hidden from the view of our front line by a slight ridge and a wrecked and splintered wood, and their desperate straits, the actual fact of their still being in existence, much less their exact location, was unknown to our side. This much the pilot knew or was able to figure out; what he could not know was the surge of hope, the throb of thankfulness that came to the hard-pressed handful below him as they saw the glancing light flash from his hovering Silver Wings. They made signals to him, waving a dirty flag and straining their eyes up for any sign that he saw and understood. And with something very near to despair in their hearts they saw the shining wings slant and drive slowly up into the wind and draw away from over their heads.

'No good, Jones,' said a smoke- and dirt-grimed young officer to

the man still waving the flag. 'He doesn't see us, I'm afraid. Better put that down and go back and help hold off those bombers.'

'Surely he'd hear all this firing, sir,' said the man, reluctantly ceasing to wave.

'I think his engine and the wind drowns any noise down here,' said the officer. 'And if he hears anything, there's plenty of heavy gunfire all along the front going up to him.'

'But wouldn't he see the shells falling amongst us, sir, and the bombs bursting, and so on?' said the man.

'Yes; but he is seeing thousands of shells and bombs along the line from up there,' said the officer; 'and I suppose he wouldn't know this wasn't just a bit of the ordinary front.'

Another man crawled over the broken débris of the trench to where they stood. 'Mister Waller has been hit, sir,' he said; 'an' he said to tell you it looks like they was musterin' for another rush over where he is.'

'Badly hit?' said the officer anxiously. 'All right, I'll come along.'

'He sees us, sir,' said the man with the flag, in sudden excitement. 'Look, he's fired a light.'

'Pity we haven't one to fire,' said the officer. 'But that might be a signal to anyone rather than to us.'

He turned to crawl after the man who had brought the message, and at the same moment a rising rattle of rifle-fire and the quick following detonations of bursting bombs gave notice of a fresh attack being begun. Still worse, he heard the unmistakable tat-tat-tat of renewed machine-gun fire, and a stream of bullets began to pour in on them from a group of shell-holes to their right flank, less than a hundred yards from the broken trench they held. Under cover of this pelting fire, that forced the defenders to keep their heads down and cost them half a dozen quick casualties amongst those who tried to answer it, the German bombers crept closer in from shell-hole to shell-hole, and their grenades came over in faster and thicker showers. The little circle of ground held by the group belched spurts of smoke, hummed to the passage of bullets, crackled and snapped under their impact, quivered every now and then to the crash and burst of shells. They had been fighting since the night before; they were already running short of ammunition, would have been completely short of bombs but for the fact of the ground they had taken having held a concreted dug-out with plentiful stores of German bombs and grenades which

they used to help out their own supply. The attack pressed savagely; it began to look as if it would be merely a matter of minutes before the Germans rushed the broken trenches they held, and then, as they knew, they must be overwhelmed by sheer weight of numbers. Waller, the wounded officer, had refused to be moved. 'I'll stay here and see it out,' he said; 'I don't suppose that will be long now'; and the other, the young lieutenant who was the only officer left on his feet by this time, could say no more than a hopeful 'Maybe we'll stand 'em off a bit yet,' and leave him there to push along the trench to where the fire and bombing were heaviest and where the rush threatened to break in.

The din was deafening, a confused uproar of rifles and machine-guns cracking and rattling out in front and banging noisily in their own trench, of bombs and grenades crashing sharply on the open or booming heavily in the trench bottom, of shells whooping and shrieking overhead or *crumping* savagely on the ground, and, as a background of noise to all the other noises, the long rolling, unbroken thunder of the guns on both sides far up and down the lines.

But above all the other din the lieutenant caught a new sound, a singing, whirring *boo-oo-oom* that rose to a deep-throated roar with a sharp staccato *rap-tap-tap-tap* running through it. He looked up towards the sound and saw, so close that he half ducked his head, a plunging shape, a flashing streak of silver light that swept over his head and dived straight at the ground beyond his trench, with stabbing jets of orange flame spitting out ahead of it. A bare fifty feet off the ground where the Germans crouched in their shell-holes Silver Wings swooped up sharply, curved over, dived again with the flashes of her gun flickering and streaming, and the bullets hailing down on the heads of the attackers. It was more than the Germans, lying open and exposed to the overhead attack, could bear. They scrambled from their holes, floundered and ran crouching back for the shelter of deeper trenches, while the lieutenant, seeing his chance, yelled and yelled again at his men to fire, and seized a rifle himself to help cut down the demoralised attack. He could see now how close a thing it had been for them, the weight of the attack that presently would have swarmed over them. The ground was alive with running, scrambling grey figures, until the bullets pelting amongst them cut them down or drove them head-long to cover again. Then his men stopped firing and watched with hoarse cheering and shouts the dives and upward leaps of the silvery shape, her skimmings along the ground, her upward wheeling

climbs followed by the plunging dives with fire spitting and sparkling from her bows. The Germans were firing at her now with rifles and machine-guns until she turned on the spot where these last were nested, drove straight at them and poured long clattering bursts of fire upon them until they were silenced.

Then she turned and flew over the broken British trenches so close that the men in them could see the leather-clad head and arm of the pilot leaning over the side, could see his wave to them, the flung packet that dropped with fluttering streamers down amongst them. The packet carried a note jerkingly scribbled in pencil: 'Hang on. I'm taking word of where you are, so that they can send help to you. Good luck.'

The lieutenant, when he had read, handed the message to a sergeant and told him to pass it along round the men. And they read and shouted cheers they knew he could not hear to the pilot lifting the Silver Wings steadily into the sky and back towards the lines. He was high enough now for the 'Archies' to bear on him again, and from their trenches the men watched with anxious hearts and throbs of fear and hope the black puffs of smoke that broke rapidly above, below, and about the glinting silver. He made desperately slow speed against the heavy wind, but fortunately had not far to go before he was far enough back to be over the lines and out of reach of the Archies. Then just when it seemed that he was safe, when the Archie shells had ceased suddenly to puff about him, the watchers saw another machine drop from the cover of a cloud, dive straight down on the little silver shape, saw the silver wings widen as they turned sharply upward to face the enemy, wheel and shoot sideways to avoid the dive. With beating hearts and straining eyes they watched the two dipping and curving, lifting and diving, wheeling and circling about each other. The battle noises drowned all sound of their guns, but they knew well the rapid rattle of fire that was going on up there, the exchange of shots, the streaming bullets that poured about both, thought at last they could catch the sound of the firing clearly, could see the black cross and circled red, white, blue, that marked enemy and friend as the two machines drifted back in their fighting down wind until they were almost overhead. Once the watchers gasped as the enemy dived on Silver Wings and she slipped sideways and came down a thousand feet nose first and spinning in dizzy circles. The gasp changed to a cry of relief as the Silver Wings righted, zoomed sharply up, whirled round, and in turn dived on the enemy

machine, that had overshot his pursuing dive and come below her. And the cry changed again to a yell of applause, a burst of cheers, as the enemy swerved suddenly, slid drunkenly sideways and down, rolled over, and fell away in a spinning dive, swoop after sickening swoop, that ended crashing in a clump of wood half a mile away. A wind-blown torrent of streaming black smoke marked the place of the fall and the fate of the enemy. Silver Wings turned again, and fought her way back towards the lines, with the Archie shells puffing and splashing about her.

Down in their trenches the isolated cluster of men set about strengthening their defences with new heart, made with a new hope preparations to withstand the next attacks. It was not long before they had help—a help that the guns, knowing now exactly where they were although they could not see, could send in advance of the rescuing attack. A barrage of shells began to pound down beyond them, out to their right and left, and even behind them. Silver Wings had dropped her message, and the shells brought the answer plain to the cut-off party. They knew that they were located, that the guns would help out their defence, that rescue would come to them as speedily as might be.

The actual rescue came presently in the shape of an attack over the ground they had covered the day before. Before it came they had to beat off one or two more enemy rushes, but this time the help of those barraging shells stood them in good stead, the sweeping shrapnel prevented the enemy creeping in to occupy in comparative safety the shell-holes round the position, the steady fall of high explosives broke down the enemy trenches and checked free movement in them. The Germans were badly pounded on that portion of front, so that when the rescuing attack was made, it fought its way rapidly forward, and the isolated party were able to do something to help it merely by hanging to their position, by rear and flanking fire on the Germans who held the ground between them and the attacking line. The attack resulted in the whole line being pushed forward to the ridge behind the separated party, holding it, and thrusting forward a little salient which took in the ground the party had hung to so stoutly, consolidated, and held it firm.

The rescued men were passed back to their lines, and—most of them—to the casualty clearing stations. And when the lieutenant brought the remnant of his company back to the battalion, he told the battalion commander his end of the story, and heard in return

how the message of their whereabouts had been brought back and how it had directed the movement that had got them out. The lieutenant wanted to send a word of thanks to Silver Wings and her pilot, but that the C.O. told him he could not do. 'The pilot was lifted out of his machine and taken straight to the C.C.S.,'¹ he said. 'He was wounded by rifle-fire from the ground when he first dived to help you beat off that attack. No, not seriously, I'm glad to say, but he'd lost a lot of blood, and he got rather knocked about landing and broke his machine a bit I believe.'

'Wounded,' said the lieutenant slowly, 'and at that time. So he kept on diving his machine about and fighting after he was wounded; and went through that air fight with his wound, and shot the Hun down, and then came on back and gave his message—' 'Dropped a note straight into the signallers at Brigade Headquarters,' said the C.O.

The lieutenant drew a deep breath. 'We knew we were owing him a lot,' he said. 'But it seems we were owing even more than we thought.'

'And I'm beginning to think,' said the C.O., 'that all of us here on the ground are owing more than we've known to those fellows in the air.'

¹ Casualty Clearing Station.

LA MORGUE LITTÉRAIRE.

THACKERAY, in a note to his 'Shabby Genteel Story,' consigning that abortive fragment of his genius to a regrettable oblivion, writes that the tale, having been interrupted at a sad period of the author's life, could not thereafter be resumed—'The colours are long since dry; the artist's hand is changed.' I wonder to how much once-promising material that statement could be applied in these days; I wonder in what studios, studies, work-rooms, what ranks of first-drafts—laid aside in that saddest of all 'sad periods' when the whole world of our knowledge went out with a bang, like an air ball on a thorn—stand with their faces to the wall, or lie put away on shelves, or as swept, with the tools which wrought them, into drawers, destined never to be taken up again and continued to the sure ends which, foreseen, inspired their origins. Memoranda, sketches, synopses, bright buds of things all counting on a flowery fulfilment, all smitten and checked in a moment by that blighting frost—how many or how few of them would, if restored to light at this date, be found to suggest what they once suggested, would be found not rather the dead husks of their former fecundity, which no water of Good-will could ever again refresh into the life which erst possessed them. For even if the plans are there, and supported by as copious battalions of notes as Thackeray himself was wont to enlist in the service of his stories, 'the artist's hand is changed'—it registers the thoughts and emotions of a brain remote from the brain of July 1914.

Still, though lifeless and dry these countless innocents, a sifting of their mortal remains, where they lie strewn about the by-ways of Art, thick as dead leaves in country lanes, might serve one for some whimsical entertainment. There should be potential treasures among the draff, adumbrations of masterpieces, visions in faint outline, notes of inspiration presaging divine compositions; but with these I, being no genius, am not so concerned as with the little unconsidered rank and file. Not nuggets, but specks of possible gold-dust would be my lure, if any, to a turning over of the abandoned litter of the past—my past. I wonder.

Romney, it was said, for every picture he completed left a dozen unfinished. A good many arts and craftsmen are Romneys in that respect, I dare say. It may seem strange to some, and the

act of a parrot—who will scatter a whole panful of lesser seeds to disinter a solitary monkey-nut from the bottom—to sketch a hundred plots for no better purpose than to reject ninety-nine of them. Versatility is also to some an unstable quality, a little inclining to the immoral. Be that as it may, the notes are there—the poor little unnumbered corpses left to perish those three long years ago, and laid out in their Literary Morgue to await the identification which 'tis odds will never come. Is there by chance a spark of life remaining to any one of them? In respect of that 'changed hand' it might serve an idle mood to make a cursory, and very partial, examination of the litter. Here, for instance, are a skeleton draft or two of stories which, if written at all, were designed to run to some length:

THE STORY OF THE MURDER BY SUGGESTION.

Henstridge, a charming blackguard, learns, in America—to which his early malpractices have expatriated him—of the recent death in England of his elder and only brother, possessor of the family entailed estates. Surviving the deceased are the widow, a pliant, impressionable woman, whom Henstridge has never seen, and one child, a boy, heir to the property. Into the soul of Henstridge—a quite irredeemably bad lot—creeps a whispering devil, suggesting a possible scheme, by which he may secure the whole estate to himself. A confederate being necessary to his plan, he engages one in the person of Crawter, an ex-schoolmaster, drunkard and reprobate. The two cross to England together, and—Crawter being provided with temporary lodgings where he is to await developments—Henstridge, under an assumed name, proceeds to make the acquaintance of the widow. He is a peculiarly handsome man, with a soft compelling personality, and she, vain and weak and emotional, falls an easy prey to him. Moreover, she is further inclined to him by his affection for her boy, to whom he appears to be wonderfully attracted. They are married, after a more or less decent interval, and so the first step is gained.

The next is to secure Crawter as a tutor for the beloved child—an end easily engineered by way of sham advertisement; and the confederate is engaged. His business is to be nothing less than murder, but of so subtle a kind as to stir no faintest dust of suspicion in any breast. One day he, Crawter, takes the boy to visit a neighbouring factory; and while he is talking to the foreman,

to the momentary neglect of his charge, the child's dress is somehow caught in the revolving machinery, and the poor thing is whirled to his death. Patently a pure accident, for which the little victim himself was alone responsible; and so it would have been ruled, had not the following words, spoken to his charge by Crawter but a moment before, been overheard by a young mill-hand hidden from sight behind a lathe: 'While I go on, Bobby, touch that band and feel how it hums.' Questioned as to his object in proffering so criminal a suggestion, Crawter stammers, hesitates, loses his nerve, turns informer, and gives the whole business away. Hens-tridge's diabolical design, as revealed by him, was to rid himself of the child in some such plausible manner, and so secure possession of the estate, to which he stood next in succession. To this end, the necessity of his having to reveal his identity, and thereby pronounce his marriage invalid, offered no sort of obstruction. It was illegal, but no criminal offence, to marry one's deceased brother's widow; and, for the rest, his reputation was nothing to him and the property everything. The minor question of a prosecution for false attestation he could afford to ignore. The net result for him would be money and single-blessedness attained at one fell swoop.

But why should he not have procured the child's death without all this elaborate matrimonial scheming? Because only so, by affecting, *in loco parentis*, a singular fondness and care for the boy, could he have avoided all risk of suspicion.

Note I.—Alternative reading. Make the tutor draw back, or repent, and, while pretending to have disposed of the child, keep him somewhere in hiding, as potential blackmail.

Note II.—For a subtler psychologic situation, imagine the defrauded wife, again a mother, tortured between her love for her lost darling, and for the babe that has come to dispute his place in her outraged heart—tortured in the thought that the slayer of the one is the father of the other.

THE STORY OF THE DEATH WARRANT.

During the terrible days of the Neapolitan revolution of 1799—a repetition in small of its French prototype, and similarly characterised by the mad clash and fall of successive powers and parties—it happened that, the republican extremists being then in the ascendant and the Court fled to Palermo, a certain married couple,

Royalists, were left, or lingered, behind in Naples until the opportunity to escape was lost to them. They were young; the wife, whom we will call Ginevra, was also beautiful. The two were devotedly attached to one another, and spiritually even more than materially. Very soon came to pass the calamity which they had hardly failed to foresee and dread. The husband was denounced, and thrown into the prison of the *Vicaria*, the certain anteroom to death. Distraught, heart-broken, the young wife sought out one Montrone (so to entitle him), Judge of the Revolutionary Tribunal, and, falling on her knees before him, implored his mercy. In answer he showed her the death-warrant, to which he had but that moment attached his signature. Was there no hope? She dared, in her frantic grief, to suggest a bribe. Montrone nodded: there was one he might consider. In short, he offered then and there to cancel the death-warrant on such terms as Kirke the damnable once proposed to a wretched girl who had come to him to beg the life of her lover.

With awful eyes fixed upon him, Ginevra tore up with her own hands the fatal paper; then, carrying with her an order of release, made her way to the *Vicaria*, and procured her husband's discharge. They returned together to their home, where, being questioned, her transparent nature could not long conceal from him the unmitigable truth. He said no word: slipping a loaded pistol into his pocket, he forced her to return with him to Montrone's presence, where, placing the muzzle at the miscreant's temple, he obliged him to draw out and sign a new death-warrant. Having received this, he placed the pistol on the table, still with no word to Ginevra, and, carrying the order for his own execution with him, returned to the *Vicaria*, leaving Montrone and his wife alone together. Furtively Montrone eyed his victim. Would she kill herself? Suddenly she seized the pistol, and shot him through the heart.

She was executed on the same day, on the same scaffold as her husband. While she lived, her eyes never left him: his, on the contrary, were never once turned her way.

THE STORY OF 'WOMAN.'

Lucy Spenser is a pretty and pleasant young woman, of housewifely qualities. She has little imagination, much simple goodness, and the unemancipated view, regarding man as a superior being, whose right to the best of everything 'goes without saying.' She

is the daughter of small tradespeople, who die, one after the other, when she is twenty-three or so, leaving her an income of some £50 a year. She had already 'walked out' a little, in their time, with John Tremill, a compositor by trade, and very skilful of his hands. Their meetings had had to be more or less clandestine, Lucy's parents not looking on her suitor with favour, which she had thought prejudiced and unfair. She knew John very well, she was sure, and in all their short acquaintance he had never said a thing to her which was alarming or unkind. Of all her admirers, he was the one to whom her heart had gone out from the first; and his conquest of her was a quite easy business. She had met him, in short, half-way; but he has never presumed upon that quite patent fact. He has an instinctive passion for order and cleanliness, has John Tremill.

To John this kindly ship-shape little woman is a part, and the best part, of a singularly attractive picture. He sees a spotless home, a white bed, comfortable and well-served meals, and Lucy, loving and lovable, the presiding spirit of a 'bandbox' household. He himself is a prepossessing man, as women of a simple constitution regard men. He is above the average height, slim and muscular, with a complexion fresh enough to testify to a perfect digestion and invincible nerves. His hair, inclining to wave, is crisp gold; he has a small crisp gold moustache; his nose, slightly 'tip-tilted,' is the one feature about him suggesting 'uprightness.' But he is not vain; vanity is no word for his practical self-reliance; he is one of those who have a natural gift or aptitude for commanding dexterity. He knows the technology of a dozen crafts outside his own; can be, and easily and creditably, a carpenter, a mason, a plumber, a gardener and so on, at command. Terms and their precise application, which to most people are subjects for studious acquirement, seem to come to him instinctively, without effort. He can strike hard, too; and drink hard—on occasion, though he will often go for months without touching a drop. An unboastful and capable independence seems the keynote of his character. He has a rather soft voice, with a rapid utterance.

After her parents' death, Tremill marries Lucy. He has already chosen for their residence a neat little semi-detached villa in a suburban row. For a week or two before the wedding he was working at it day and night, doing wonders in a limited time and with limited material. It is to be, and is, a complete model of a home, and he never rests until he has made it so. And then, the

last possible touch put to his work, he tires of, and loses interest in it. One day, quite unexpectedly and astonishingly, he disappears, no one, and Lucy least, knows why or whither. He is absent for years, and Lucy has given him up for dead, and is even distressfully wavering before the importunities of a fresh suitor, when, as unexpectedly as he had vanished, Tremill turns up again. He is forgiven, the two are reconciled, and resume their married life. Once more, tiring of uneventful blessedness, Tremill plays truant, and once more, after an interval, reappears. And so, time after time this happens. On each occasion of his return, Lucy shows the same patient spirit of forgiveness; on each occasion the man is seen a little and a little more deteriorated from his original self; on each occasion he drains his wife of all her available money before going. And yet he trusts and admires her beyond any woman in the world.

The last time they meet is in a hospital, whither Lucy has been summoned on an urgent message from her husband, who is dying. They are again, and finally, reconciled, without any explanation on his part; he borrows of her, on the score of wanting it for a debt of honour, what money she possesses, and, having caused the amount to be privately posted to an intermediate and intermittent 'flame,' who is responsible for his present condition, dies, having impoverished his Lucy, peacefully and lovingly in his Lucy's arms.

What of these? Is the hand of the great Shadow so laid upon them as to preclude all hope of their revitalisation? If one more than another appeals to me from the past to the present, it is the second of the trio: a good thing might be made of that, I know. But, a *living* thing, in these days of universal death? Ah! that is the question. Let us pass on to some lighter and more fanciful flotsam.

THE STORY OF THE ECHO-BUILDER.

There was once a man who built echoes. That is a trade, though you may not know it. It happened that a millionaire employed this man to build an echo in his grounds. It was to be a magnificent echo, and the man, told to spare no expense, wrought to make it his greatest achievement. Yet when the thing was finished, the echo refused to come off. That will sometimes occur,

and for no ascertainable reason. The science of echometry is a capricious science. The millionaire was disgusted, when his rich ruttish voice failed to produce a response ; he was more disgusted on being told that to no one but the little son of his own game-keeper would the echo reply at all. It answered to his small pipe readily enough. The child's dead mother had been a rather wild country girl ; and the child himself, for some preposterous nonsensical reason, had been named Narcissus, because of his pheasant's eyes. He was a curious vain little fellow, and fond of looking at himself in the glass. The millionaire had him out, and sure enough the echo answered to him beautifully, in a strange bell-like voice like a young girl's. It came back sweetly, yearningly, from the rocky cliff built to return it, at whose foot slumbered the warmest, loveliest lily-pools. The millionaire was more disgusted than ever. It was aggravating that, whenever the echo was on show to visitors, the child had to be summoned to work it. Once the millionaire asked the little fellow suspiciously what was the secret of his power. 'It is not me,' said the boy : 'it is the girl that comes out and answers.' The millionaire was furiously angry. He ordered search to be made for this girl ; and, when that was unsuccessful, a watch to be kept on the place when the boy called out the echo. But completely without result. Only the child, it seemed, could see the girl ; and so it was put down to his fancy.

One still hot evening the echo seemed, to a gardener going to water the tenderest rock plants, to be wailing all to itself. The sound ceased as he drew nearer, and he concluded he must have been dreaming, when he came to the lily pools. And there, lying white under the water was the body of the child. It was supposed he had been drawn to look at his own image in the glassy mirror and had fallen in.

That was tragic and pitiful : but the oddest part is the sequel. From that moment the echo found itself, answering cryingly to all who called it ; and the triumph of the echo-builder was complete.

This that follows is a sketch of no more than a situation, which anyone can resolve for himself after his fancy :—

THE STORY (WITH A DIFFERENCE) OF ENOCH ARDEN.

Enoch married Annie. He was a dear, good, faithful soul ; worthy, but a little dull. He looked unutterable things ; but he did not speak much, because he had really nothing to say. Annie

had not found that out before she was married; desire makes a man eloquent. Once Enoch, who was a sailorman, went a voyage in a trading vessel—perhaps to find something to talk about. The ship was presently reported lost, and Enoch with it; but of course he had been cast away on a desert island. Annie waited a quite handsome time, and then succumbed to the importunities of Philip, a gay and attractive fellow and an old flame. *He* had plenty to talk about, and to delightful effect. They were on the very point of being married, when Enoch turned up, with less to say than ever, since he had been on a desert island. Annie, so long as she believed him dead, had canonised his memory; now, torn between the claims of orthodox love and elemental, she wishes him at the devil. But she knows her duty, and remains a faithful wife, while she grows to loathe the dull-witted creature who has forced that martyrdom on her.

Well, what is to happen? Temptation; flight; suicide; the murder of Philip by Enoch or of Enoch by Philip, or Annie, or both? The most natural descent, I opine, would be that of Annie into a shrill scold, and of Enoch into a taproom loafer, driven from home by the tongue he has no words to answer. But I leave it to anyone's choice.

Here are some roughcasts, mere embryos, of 'mystery' stories, the development and finish of which lie, and will now lie unquestionably, all to seek:—

THE STORY OF THE EXCULPATED MURDERER.

Barton and Cleaver, young agricultural labourers, are employed threshing corn by machinery. At the dinner hour Barton puts on his coat, and walks off with Cleaver, leaving Arkwright, the engineer, at his post. They have gone some little distance when Barton, putting his hand into his pocket, discovers a revolver. He has donned by mistake Farmer Dobson's coat, which was hanging on a nail in the barn. He is about to return to effect the necessary exchange, when a terrific explosion occurs. The boiler of the engine has burst. The two rush back together to find a scene of havoc, and Arkwright pinned among the wreckage with volumes of scalding steam pouring upon him. He is in dreadful agony, and implores them to kill him and put an end to his suffering. Barton, a sensitive soul, and driven half mad by the sight, suddenly remembers the revolver, pulls it out and fires. Arkwright's

terrible cries cease. Barton, having committed the deed, has just enough reason left him to exchange Farmer Dobson's coat for his own before others arrive on the scene. The inquest over, Cleaver, a scoundrel, begins to blackmail Barton, using his evil knowledge to force him into a relinquishment to him of his money and his 'girl.' Barton endures for a time, and then, driven to desperation, reveals all to one Elwes, his landlord, who has been a good friend to him. Elwes points out that Cleaver, as an accessory after the fact, is also guilty, and that Barton's confession has now placed him, Elwes, in the same position. He advises Barton to make a clean breast of it, as nothing can be worse than the present situation; and Barton consents. The police are informed; Barton is arrested; the body of Arkwright is exhumed, and no bullet or bullet-wound found in it anywhere. And then, the facts confessed, it turns out, on Farmer Dobson's evidence, that the revolver was loaded with nothing but blank cartridge, for the scaring of crows. It had been a mere coincidence that Arkwright had died at the moment of the supposed shot.

Now, for the sake of poetic justice, a police prosecution and conviction of Cleaver, as being in intention, if not in fact, an actual accessory, would be highly satisfactory; only I am uncertain of my law.

THE STORY OF THE FEATURELESS BODY.

In a certain chemical works, early employés discover, on their arrival one morning, a body floating in one of the vitriol tanks. It is a mere featureless corroded mass, and quite unrecognisable. No question arises, however, but that it is the body of the night-watchman, the only soul left on the premises after last closing time. And as such it is retrieved, and buried, and epitaphed—until the earliest employé suddenly remembers that there had been no one to let him in on that particular morning, and yet that he had found entrance by the unlocked door. It had been left unlocked, in fact, by one going out, and that one had been the watchman himself, escaping, with well-calculated cunning, from the consequences of an awful crime committed by himself. He had foreseen exactly what would happen—barring that little oversight of the door,

THE STORY OF THE SENTIMENTAL ATONEMENT.

Buckett, a railway signalman, being held directly responsible for an accident in which lives were lost, is put on his trial for manslaughter, convicted, sentenced, and imprisoned. On his discharge he is taken in hand by the Prisoners' Aid Society, and procured a situation as gardener to a nurseryman and florist. Thence, on the death of the proprietor, he transfers his services to a private employer, who knows nothing about his history. Now, as it happens, this gentleman had lost his elder son and heir in the very accident for which Buckett was convicted, and that fact, coming indirectly to the ears of the unhappy ex-signalman, so haunts and possesses him as to imperil, after a time, his very reason. He has grown to be devoted to the family of his employer, and has an especially tender place in his heart for the younger boy, a mere infant, who is now heir to the estate. Incessant morbid brooding on the infinite tragedy of his position results at length in complete moral collapse, and in suicide alone can Buckett see any solution of his horrific problem. There is a railway bisecting the estate, and a level crossing which will serve his purpose. He leaves a letter explaining all, hurries down timely to effect his own decapitation by the 2.50, comes upon the scene to the simultaneous alarm-screach of the near approaching train and that of a paralysed nursemaid, and sees the infant heir and truant over the stile picking up stones on the line. He just saves him, of course, at the expense of his own life, and so, winning for himself a tragic but hallowed memory as of a sinner absolved, ends a sketch for a tale which shall certainly remain unclaimed by me from its remote little slab in the Morgue.

And now for one last selection, which is no more than a suggestion for a character study :—

THE STORY OF A CHIVALROUS OLD FOOL.

Once, not so many years ago, I was employed over the rebuilding of W— Barracks. I was on the War Office Associated Civilian Staff of Architects, and, as the job was likely to be a long one, procured some useful introductions to bring with me from London. At the County Club, to which I was elected a temporary member, I met General Liversidge, the subject of one of my credentials. He accepted me affably, and, learning presently that I was not

averse from an occasional flutter, asked me to his house, time and again, to play cards. He was a puffy obstreperous old fire-eater, but a skilful player, and a pretty persistent winner, with that luck which comes with a common perversity to the affluent. It was at his card-table that I met Colonel Manton, an ancient crony of his and the subject of this sketch. He was a tall, thin, distinguished-looking old soldier of seventy, of considerable material and intellectual poverty. But he carried his impecuniosity like a prince, and his simplicity like a child. I think he always lost to Liversidge; but he never refused a game, so long as he had, or could command, the means to pay his debts honourably. At the first I was prejudiced against him. Without being revolutionary, my personal views are elastic: Colonel Manton's, to judge by their habitual expression, were conservative and reactionary to a degree. He was violent on socialistic and democratic presumptions; loathed all that was meant by the 'people'; would have brought, according to himself, the historical whiff of grapeshot to the prompt settlement of all strikers and demagogues whatsoever. He thought, if he did not speak, of the mob as the *canaille*, and altogether I put him down as the extremest and most offensive example of an intolerant class I had ever encountered. But I was wrong. I might have known that such high honour as his could not exist in practical association with the partial views he expressed. Those were a mere military habit of mind, and contradicted at every turn by his acts. He was really at heart the tenderest, stateliest, old buffer who was ever made to be victimised by plausible imposture.

I went home with him to his rooms one night. They were of the plainest, poorest, tawdriest description, meagre in their appointments, but with a bit of good stuff here and there, saved from and testifying to an earlier opulence. For the Colonel was of good family, had inherited his own ample share of its fortune, and had belonged to a crack regiment in his time. But he had always been an inveterate gambler, while lacking all the qualities which go to make a successful one; and here was the moral. His landlord was a drunken old rascal, his own one time servant in the regiment, whom he had saved from a deserved destitution to establish in his present position, renting his rooms from him, and suffering his penitences and his extortions with a patient credulousness which never failed or hardened. I had the story from this man's own lips by and by, while he was suffering from a fit of bibulous remorse. And while he snuffled and overflowed, his tenant's

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body was lying stiff and cold in the next room. And how do you suppose this despiser of the people, this intolerant Patrician, this advocate of grapeshot, had met his death? Why, in endeavouring to rescue a poor, foul-mouthed, sodden old punk from the brutal handling of a ruffian. He had been thrown down and his skull fractured.

It was then I learned something of the Colonel's earlier history. It was in India that he had gambled away his whole fortune—and to Liversidge, the foundations of whose own it had proved to be. He had lost everything, down to his camp bedstead. And had the winner taken that too? Oh, to be sure! It was a debt of honour, and the loser would have considered its abandonment to him an unpardonable liberty. He had slept quite comfortably on the ground for a night or two: had existed philosophically enough thereafter until he could retire and live on his pension. He regretted nothing of it all. He had always honestly declared that if he could have his time over again, he would have it, and joyfully. Such is the gambler; but such also is the man who makes the gambler's opportunity. And he still regarded Liversidge as his dearest old friend, and still went enthusiastically to be bled by that friend in the house which his money had bought for him.

Some of Colonel Manton's story is true; but all of it is true, I think, to human nature.

These for haphazard examples. They are all little more than foundations, their scaffolding hardly begun. There are others, and not few, in stages more advanced towards completion; ambitious designs some of them, and built up to the first, or the second, or even the third storey. But their roofs, I doubt, will never go on: 'The artist's hand is changed': and so their plans and elevations may rest for all time with their faces to the wall.

BERNARD CAPES.

[It is interesting to recall that Mr. Capes contributed a similar series called 'Plots' to the CORNHILL for July 1909.—ED. CORNHILL.]

CAPTAIN FREDERICK COURTENAY SELOUS, D.S.O.

THE name of Frederick Courtenay Selous has been a household word among big-game hunters, travellers, and all those who seek and admire adventure, for the last thirty years. His fame has grown steadily, and his fine character, his astonishing bravery, and the innate worth, modesty, and kindliness of the man have won him innumerable friends in all parts of the world. The feats of certain hunters of great game have not always been received without question; but in the case of Selous, men who have once met him have quickly gauged the transparent truth and honesty of his character. His record in Africa is well known, and whatever he has said or written of his adventures has always been regarded as literal and absolute fact.

At the time of his death, which occurred in action on January 4 last, in East Africa, Selous had just turned sixty-five, an age when most men have retired from the more strenuous pursuits of their youth and prime. But the veteran, in spite of the fevers, accidents, and immense labours of his long career in the hunting veldt, still possessed a vigorous and hardy frame and the spirit of a boy. He could yet handle a rifle with the skill of his best days, and when war broke out his patriotism prompted him at once to offer his services. He had for some years been a member of the Legion of Frontiersmen, a portion of which force was despatched to East Africa under Lieut.-Colonel Driscoll. This force was transferred ultimately to the Royal Fusiliers, in a battalion of which Selous, after much fighting and many invaluable services, had worked his way to the rank of captain. He had received the D.S.O. for exceptionally gallant service against the Germans last year, and undoubtedly prized this decoration and the tribute of General Smuts in the despatch which announced it, as much as any honour or achievement of his long and distinguished career. At the age of sixty-five, then, this wonderful veteran, whose whole life had been one long series of adventure, fell gloriously, while leading his men in an especially dangerous and difficult passage of arms. He sleeps in Africa, 'dead in the dim and lion-haunted ways,' far from home and kindred and the England he loved so well; yet it is perhaps not unfitting that he should rest in the land where he has laboured and achieved so much, that land of Africa with which his name will always

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be associated. When he left England for his last campaign, Selous gave up many dear and pleasant things, a charming home in Surrey, to which he was greatly attached, a wife to whom he was devoted, and two sons then on the threshold of their careers. Of these sons one is now a Lieut.-Commander in the Royal Flying Corps, and has gained the Military Cross, while the other is at school. Yet none of these things counted when weighed against the duty which Selous conceived he owed his country. He was still strong and full of vigour; he went out to do his best for England, and fell gladly in her service, in that tremendous struggle which he knew and felt she was waging for the freedom of the world. How nobly he did his duty in East Africa has been told in the despatches of General Smuts. Much more, unknown to the public, remains in the memories of his brother officers and men. His cool and shining courage were always conspicuous; his strength and staying powers were remarkable; in a climate where fever, dysentery, and other ailments wrought havoc among our men, he never went sick. At the end of a long and hard day's march, under tropical heat, when his fellows were glad to rest, he would sally out with his butterfly net, as fresh and eager as a schoolboy, absorbed in the pursuit of that beloved natural history which was the passion of his life. He was the wonder and admiration of the British Army in East Africa.

Frederick Courtenay Selous was born on December 30, 1851, the son of a well-known stockbroker, whose family was of Huguenot descent and had passed, after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, from France to the Channel Islands, and thence, in process of time, to England. He was educated at Bruce Castle School, Tottenham, whence he proceeded to Rugby. At Rugby he was a member of the Rifle Corps and began his shooting career. He had long previously been deeply interested in nature, and pursued the schoolboy phase of bird's-nesting with immense vigour. A story of his Rugby days, told by his old schoolfellow and admirer, Mr. C. K. Francis, the well-known Metropolitan Magistrate, formerly distinguished as a cricketer at Rugby and Oxford, illustrates the adventurous and determined character of Selous even in those early days. He was extremely anxious to acquire some eggs from a heronry, which lay on an estate eleven miles away from the school. Letting himself down from his bedroom window, after all had gone to rest and the house was quiet, he opened the House-master's stable door, with the key of which he had possessed himself, took out a pony and rode it

bare-backed eleven miles to the heronry, which lay on an island in a lake. Here he fastened up the pony, took off his clothes, and swam across to the island, climbed a tree, possessed himself of the eggs he coveted, got back, dressed, and rode home to his house. Then, having stabled the pony, replaced the key, and climbed back to his bedroom, he related his proceedings to his astonished schoolmates.

This early adventure, one only among others, is typical of the cool determination and courage of Selous, and of that love of adventure which remained with him through life. Adventure was in his blood, and even in those early days at school he had determined on a career in which the life of cities and that which is called modern civilisation should have no part or lot.

After Rugby, Selous went for a couple of years to the Continent, where in Switzerland and the Tyrol he acquired some knowledge of French and German, did a good deal of bird's-nesting, and shot a few head of game, including a chamois or two. Bird's-nesting, it may be said here, had for him a lifelong fascination. He had, in his later years, in his home at Worpleston, a marvellous collection of eggs gathered in many parts of the world; and in his mature age he made expeditions to the wilder and more remote parts of Europe with that object alone. No labour was too great, no risk too high for him in this pursuit; and if he had chosen, he could have written an enthralling book on his adventures in this field of natural history. His mind was now made up for South Africa; he had read a good many books on sport in that country, and he had been especially drawn by the perusal of Baldwin's 'African Hunting from Natal to the Zambesi,' a first-rate book of sport and adventure, which was published in 1864. The writer, as a boy, can well remember the thrills of that stirring volume, and the splendid illustrations supplied by Wolff and Zwecker. It is a well-ascertained fact that most of the famous hunters of big game in South Africa have been attracted thither by the perusal of the adventures and exploits of their predecessors. Cornwallis Harris, who shot in that country in 1836-37, had undoubtedly been drawn by the description of the traveller Burchell and his finely illustrated folio. Harris was the first of the great line of South African hunters, as Selous is the last. Harris discovered the Matabele, then seated in what is now the Transvaal, and made known their formidable fighting strength. Selous many years later lived and hunted in the territories of those people long after the emigrant Boers had driven them north of the

Limpopo or Crocodile River ; and it was his destiny to witness and take part in the downfall of that cruel and savage race. The fine works of Cornwallis Harris, illustrated by his own spirited water-colour drawings, drew instant attention to the glorious game regions then existing north of the Orange River. A good many adventurous Britons at once made their way thither, and indulged themselves to their hearts' content in the finest hunting-grounds ever opened to the enthusiastic pursuer of great game. It was a long and fatiguing trek in those days, from the shores of Cape Colony, by the slow and cumbrous ox-waggon, and only sportsmen with abundance of time and heavy purses could stand the racket of it. But what a reward was theirs on reaching Bechuanaland and the Transvaal ! Innumerable species of game crowded the plain and the forest ; elephants, the white and the black rhinoceros, hippos, buffaloes, giraffe, eland, quagga, zebra, roan and sable antelope, gnu or wildebeest of two species, koodoo, hartebeest, gemsbok, tsesseby, impala, waterbuck, reedbuck, bushbuck, and many other species were common. Blesbok and springbok thronged the plains of Cape Colony and the regions known as the Orange Free State and Transvaal, not merely in tens of thousands, but in millions. A *trek-bokken*, or migration of springbok, would take days to pass and devastate enormous tracts of country. Lions were extraordinarily plentiful and daring, and leopards and many others of the carnivora were common.

Among the immediate followers of Cornwallis Harris, inspired by his fascinating volumes, were William Cotton Oswell, Major Frank Vardon, Captain, afterwards General, Sir Thomas Steele, Gordon Cumming, the late Sir Francis Galton, and C. J. Andersson. Oswell, one of the greatest and most daring hunters that ever shot in Africa, long after, in his declining years, wrote for the Badminton Library, in the volumes on 'Big-Game Hunting,' his memories of South African sport in the forties of the last century. Vardon and Steele never told the public of their doings. Roualeyn Gordon Cumming, after seven years of a wild life in the interior, published a first-rate book, still a classic and largely read, on his adventures. This book is written in what Scott would have called 'the big bow-wow style' ; it is romantic and picturesque, and the writer, being of Highland blood, probably let himself go more than the average Englishman would do. It was received, when it came out in the fifties, with some doubt and even ridicule. But after much inquiry, the writer of this article is convinced that Gordon Cumming's accounts of his feats and adventures give a true and accurate picture.

In the year 1890 the writer asked the well-known chief Khama, ruler of the Bamangwato country, in North Bechuanaland, who in his youth knew and well remembered Gordon Cumming, what was his opinion of the great hunter and his exploits. Khama replied that he was a mighty sportsman and a man without fear, and that the amount of game (*pholoholo*) he killed, including lions, elephants, and rhinoceroses, was very great. Livingstone, in his 'Missionary Travels,' has, too, borne strong testimony in Cumming's favour in this matter. Sir Francis Galton and the late Charles John Andersson, who explored and hunted in South-west Africa, entering from Walfisch Bay, were two others undoubtedly influenced by the books of Cornwallis Harris and Gordon Cumming. Of these two explorers, Galton produced 'Tropical Africa,' while Andersson became a very famous sportsman-naturalist, and wrote two excellent and striking works in 'Lake Ngami' and 'The Okavango River.' Galton lived to attain a great age and to become a scientist of distinction; poor Andersson, a brave and determined sportsman of mixed English and Swedish descent, died in 1867, worn out with fatigue, fever, and wounds, in the far-away veldt bordering Ovampoland, South-West Africa, in the country conquered from the Germans by General Botha and his gallant army in 1915.

William Charles Baldwin in his turn was attracted to South Africa and its glorious hunting veldt by Gordon Cumming's recently published book, 'The Lion Hunter in South Africa.' Baldwin was quite one of the finest sportsmen of his time. He was a first-rate rider, a good shot, and a most determined ivory hunter. He penetrated first to Zululand and Amatongaland, thereafter making his way over the Drakensberg passes to Bechuanaland, the Kalahari Desert, Lake Ngami, and the Victoria Falls on the Zambesi River, which marvellous cataract he was, by the way, the third Englishman to set eyes on. He hunted vigorously and with great success from 1852 to 1860, and on his return to England published that first-rate book of sport and adventure, entitled 'African Hunting from Natal to the Zambesi.' Every hunter who has enjoyed the delights of shikar in the countries of Southern Africa has always been charmed with this vigorous and delightful volume, which, upon the whole, hurriedly and artlessly as it is written, depicts the joys, sorrows, and dangers of the veldt with wonderful power and truth. With Selous himself this book was an especial favourite, and by it he was, as a lad, undoubtedly much attracted to South Africa.

Baldwin quitted Africa in 1860, and Selous did not land at Algoa

Bay till 1871 ; yet Selous, who may well be called the last of the South African hunters, is undoubtedly to be ranked high among that famous group of sportsmen who exploited South Africa in its palmy days, and who by their courage, vigour, and the uprightness and honesty of their dealings, have contributed almost more than any other cause to the respect and esteem with which all South African natives regard the English. Unlike the missionary and the trader, they were entirely disinterested ; the natives, whether Zulus, Bechuanas, Matabele, Mashonas, Hottentots, Griquas, Bushmen, or of other tribes, at once took to and respected them. They admired intensely their independence, fearlessness, conspicuous honesty, and love of sport. It is not too much to say that to these great forerunners, the big-game hunters of the period of 1836-1890, the British settlers and colonists of South Africa between the Orange River and Zambesi owe a very considerable debt of gratitude.

Selous, then, landed, a lad of nineteen years, at Algoa Bay in 1871, fully determined to seek adventure and hunt elephants and lions. He had £400 capital, and one good double, breech-loading rifle by Reilly, which, very unfortunately, was stolen from him as he made his way slowly up country. He hunted, and did a little trading in Griqualand West, and then, finding the game there much too scarce for his liking, presently trekked northward, and in company with two friends, leisurely shot his way through Bechuanaland, until he reached Khama's chief town, then at Shoshong. It was in Khama's Country that Selous first tasted the delights of giraffe-hunting on horseback, a stirring and headlong chase which he always much enjoyed, and which in those days ranked very high among South African sportsmen. The great charm of the South African veldt in the good days was that the sportsman lived in a comfortable waggon, which he made his headquarters, pursued his game on horseback, had, after he had made the necessary presents to the local chieftain—not a ruinous business—the whole vast veldt for his hunting-ground, and was usually accompanied by more or less reliable native servants. He took his pleasure in the finest climate in the world, in a country for the most part between 3000 and 4000 feet above sea level ; and he usually managed to hunt during the dry and cool season of winter, from April to October, during which period, as a rule, no rain falls. Although it is now six and forty years since Selous first hunted in these regions, it is a remarkable fact that, thanks to the desert nature of much of the veldt, there is

still good sport to be obtained with big game in Khama's Country, the Kalahari Desert, Ngamiland, and the country west of that now dried-up lake. Most of the large antelopes, including the gemsbok, the eland, the roan and sable antelopes, koodoo, hartebeest, blue wildebeest, or brindled gnu, tsesseby, waterbuck, pookoo, lechwe, impala, springbok, as well as giraffe, hippos, lion, leopard, cheetah, and other game are to be met with. The rhinoceros has been shot out, but elephants are preserved by the famous old chief, Khama, and some large herds still exist in dense bush and forest in his country south of the Zambesi Falls. The Kalahari Desert, where, in the seventies and eighties of last century, Selous had many a stirring adventure and more than once nearly lost his life, is still a stronghold of game; and if the hunter is prepared to brave thirst and privation, and to accept risks, he can at the present day still obtain, in the northern portion of that vast and waterless tract, excellent sport. Nowadays, however, the hunter has to pay game licences, and is very properly restricted as to the amount of his bag, especially where giraffe and other of the rarer animals are concerned.

It was at Serule, just north of Shoshong, in Khama's Country, that Selous saw, but did not manage to shoot, his first lion, a lapse which he was before long to make good. It was in this part of Khama's Country also that about this time he met with an adventure which nearly brought his career to an end, and tested the marvellous power of his constitution to the utmost. He lost himself in the veldt, his horse having bolted, and for more than three nights and four days was without food, fire, and water. All day he wandered over the country, trying for landmarks; and all night, without the comfort of a fire, for he was without matches, he lay in the veldt, sheltering as best he could from the bitter cold of African mid-winter. We think no greater test of strength, will-power, and resolution than this of a raw youngster, on his first introduction to the dangers of veldt life, can well be imagined. Selous fought it out, though suffering severely, and at last, hitting off a landmark from a hill, found his way to a native kraal and safety. Many a white man, lost in this way, has left his bones in the parched wildernesses of Southern Africa. Others have lost their reason in the struggle for life; not many years ago an Englishman, who had lost himself in this way, in Southern Rhodesia, was discovered after some months living in a hole in the ground, and going on all fours like a jackal or a baboon!

In August, 1872, Selous presented himself at the savage court

of Lobengula, King of the Matabele, whose chief town was Buluwayo. Selous, not yet twenty-one years of age, asked permission to hunt elephants, and offered suitable presents. Lobengula at first laughed boisterously at the lad's youth and temerity, and asked him if he had not meant steinbucks—diminutive antelopes! However, a day or two later the King gave him leave, adding that the elephants would soon drive him out of the country. The lad joyfully went his way, and was soon after hunting the great tusk-bearers for their ivory in the most primitive fashion. He had lost, as has been said, his only useful rifle, and by way of substitute had bought an old cheap, muzzle-loading, 4-bore elephant gun, such as the hunting Boers then used, a smooth-bore, weighing 14 lb., carrying spherical bullets, going four to the pound, backed by 17 drams of powder. This titanic weapon, with which Selous shot elephants for several seasons, is, or was till lately, to be seen hanging in the great hunter's museum at Worplesdon, in Surrey; and those who have handled the piece can judge what manner of man he was who could hunt on foot, in a hot climate, with such a weapon. The recoil was immense and very punishing, and for some time after he abandoned the gun for more modern weapons the results of using it materially affected his shooting. Once his native henchman, in the excitement of an elephant hunt, rammed down two charges of powder and bullets by mistake. The recoil knocked Selous head over heels, stunned him, injured his right arm, and inflicted a severe wound under the eye, the scar of which he carried to the day of his death. His hunting kit was a flannel shirt, a soft, broad-brimmed hat, no trousers, and a pair of boots and socks. He shot during his first season with a well-known Hottentot hunter, named Cigar, a first-rate native sportsman of great pluck and running powers. Their food consisted of Kaffir corn, water, and the meat they shot.

With this rude weapon and a similar one, Selous killed during his first three seasons seventy-eight elephants. In this his first attempt, with the Hottentot, Cigar, the youthful sportsman did very well. He himself bagged 450 lb. of ivory and traded 1200 lb. more; and on the three months' hunting, after paying all expenses, he cleared close on £300. For some seasons he followed elephants after this, making very fair profits; but other hunters, Boer, British, and native, were in the field also, all hard at work. Thus by the end of the 'seventies, elephants south of the Zambesi, save in almost inaccessible thorn jungle, were becoming scarce, and the game was hardly worth the candle.

Elephant-hunting in Africa is to be reckoned one of the hardest and most dangerous of all pursuits. The animals travel immense distances, and, upon the merest suspicion of danger, move rapidly far away from their chosen haunts. The heat is intense, the country very difficult, and the risk of death is present in every chase. The average life of an elephant-hunter was in the good days reckoned at about six or seven seasons. Selous had plenty of excitement during the fourteen or fifteen seasons in which he pursued these great pachyderms for their ivory, and escaped many dangers. Once a wounded monster caught him and his horse and overthrew them. The hunter awoke from the shock, noticed 'a strong smell of elephant,' and found himself under the chest and stomach of his quarry, which had fallen forward resting upon its forelegs and tusks. He crawled out from beneath its hind-legs and made good his escape, though severely bruised. His horse, although badly damaged by a tusk wound, eventually recovered. On another occasion, one of his native hunters, Quabeet, was caught by an infuriated elephant and literally torn in half, the monster placing one foot on the unfortunate's body and wrenching the chest, with head and arms attached, from the rest of the body; while a leg and thigh which had been torn off at the pelvis, and the remainder of the body, lay in another place. Such is the punishment which an angry elephant is capable of inflicting upon its pursuers.

This tragedy was, we think, undoubtedly made use of by Sir H. Rider Haggard in 'King Solomon's Mines,' in which a very similar instance is recorded. That Selous was the original of 'Allan Quatermain' is, we believe, undoubted. The hunter, in his early days, made an expedition far across the Zambesi to Sitanda's Kraal, in the Manica country, in what is now known as Northern Rhodesia. Here he and his hunting companion, Mostyn Owen, nearly died of fever and starvation, and were shamefully treated by the scoundrelly Sitanda, who refused them food. Sitanda's Kraal, it will be remembered, is the place whence the start is made by the hunter Quatermain, Sir Henry Curtis, and Captain Good for Sheba's Breast and the famous mines of Solomon. The fact is, no doubt, that Sir Rider Haggard took some of the inspiration of his famous romance from Selous' first book, 'A Hunter's Wanderings in Africa,' which was published in 1881. 'King Solomon's Mines,' if we remember aright, appeared in 1883. Whether the novelist and Selous had met in those days we know not; but although Allan Quatermain is represented as a middle-aged hunter, and Selous

was then a young man, the resemblance between the fictitious and the living hero is remarkable ; the steady, imperturbable bravery, the transparent and unaffected truth, directness, and modesty of Allan were all to be found in the character of Selous.

During these early years of his hunting career, Selous shot innumerable kinds of game, and began that wonderful collection of heads and trophies—the finest one-man collection in Europe—which he housed in later years in a large museum alongside his pleasant Surrey home. He was easily the greatest lion-hunter of his time, never failing to attack these formidable carnivora wherever he had the opportunity. He shot them mostly on foot, and, unlike Gordon Cumming, who invariably pursued them with a small pack of mongrel dogs, he relied almost entirely on himself and his rifle. During his whole career he killed, to his own rifle, thirty-three lions, and by great good fortune never had any ill luck with them. On one of his best days he slew three full-grown lions with four shots in less than ten minutes. Once, when hunting on horseback in the Mababi Plain, Ngamiland, Selous and a comrade were driven off the field by a pair of lions. One of them had run out of cartridges, and the other had knocked the foresight off his rifle, so that neither of them could shoot with it. They approached the beasts and fired several shots, but could do nothing with the weapon. Each time the lions galloped after them and nearly ran them down. Finally, the two sportsmen had to own themselves completely vanquished, and left the lions in possession of the big flat. In East Africa of late years some great bags of lions have been made by sportsmen on horseback aided by a pack of American hunting-hounds. These hold up the lions and completely distract their attention, thus affording the gunner easy and comparatively safe shooting. These methods, although destructive enough, are not to be compared as hunting feats with the performances of Selous and other great hunters in South Africa. It is a curious fact, that although Selous made several sporting expeditions in his maturer years to East Africa, and had great success with the particular kinds of game he sought, chiefly to add to his museum, he never had the good fortune to shoot a lion there. We believe he only saw one once, and then had no opportunity of shooting it, although he was hunting in country where these animals were to be expected.

Selous came home in 1881, and during the same year published his first book, 'A Hunter's Wanderings in Africa.' This volume, abounding as it does with many a crowded scene of adventure, was

at once recognised by discerning folk, and those who knew their Africa, as one of the finest works on big-game hunting that had yet been published. It established Selous instantly in the direct line of succession to Cornwallis Harris, Gordon Cumming, Baldwin, and the rest of the great hunters. But it contained, further, an immense amount of the closest observation on the habits and natural history of the splendid fauna of South Africa, and demonstrated that this hitherto unknown hunter would thenceforth stand in the forefront of African field naturalists. Like the rest of his books, this first volume is written in good, sound English, by which the author's meaning is placed clearly and sharply before the mind's eye of the reader. There are no purple patches or embroidery, and the narrative is everywhere charged with that good sense, directness, and modesty which were always so typical of the author's character. The book at first made its way slowly, but it has since run into several editions, and is a real classic of African hunting.

From this time forward, Selous, to his own surprise, found himself an established favourite in the world of *shikar*. Men who met him were from the first charmed with his fine character, transparent honesty, and kindliness of heart. It has long been known—and this cannot be said of every traveller and sportsman—that whatever Selous tells you in his books is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

He returned to South Africa at the end of 1881 and pursued his wanderings, and, as elephants grew ever more scarce, accepted commissions for specimens of the fauna of the country for the British Museum and other similar establishments. For the next few years he travelled far and wide over vast tracts of South Central Africa, and during this period, 1881-1890, did an immense deal of valuable exploration, carefully mapping the unexplored, and for the most part utterly unknown, regions through which he passed. These explorations produced two important results. They procured Selous the coveted Gold Medal of the Geographical Society; while his researches in Mashonaland undoubtedly directed the attention of Cecil Rhodes and his financial associates to the gold-bearing and general value of the vast country now known as Rhodesia.

These memorable wanderings between 1881 and 1890 were afterwards incorporated in that excellent book, 'Travel and Adventure in South-East Africa,' a work packed with brilliant passages of sport, much good natural history, and a great deal of information on countries north and south of the Zambesi which

were then quite unknown to the British public. Among various thrilling adventures which happened to Selous during this period was that in which he all but lost his life in the Mashukulumbwi country, north of the Zambesi. His camp was attacked by night by these treacherous natives, many of his followers were killed, and he himself only escaped by a miracle. His rifle was stolen from him at a native fire in a village where he had taken refuge after the disaster; while in the same moment a native fired point blank at him ten yards away by the light of an armful of blazing grass, which a confederate had cast on to the dying fire. Selous made one plunge for life, dodged the shot, and escaped into the darkness. Thenceforward for many days he made his way without food or rifle, eventually reaching the Zambesi and safety. The whole narrative is full of dramatic force, and Selous' escape was an extraordinary one. Out of the twenty-five followers who were with him when attacked at night by the Mashukulumbwi, twelve were killed outright and six wounded. The wreck of this expedition and the loss of all his equipment was a heavy blow to the great hunter. In this volume, too, among many other stirring adventures, is to be found the account of Selous' famous night with lions, when he and a comrade, protected only by a light screen of thorns, waged war on a troop of these fierce carnivora which had been working havoc in the neighbourhood. Three lions fell in this singular feat of veldt war.

The year 1890 saw Selous chosen by Mr. Rhodes as guide and roadmaker of the British South Africa Company's memorable expedition, when Mashonaland was penetrated and occupied by an armed force of pioneers. This expedition, thanks to Selous' unique knowledge of the country and his cool judgment, was completely successful. Lobengula and his Matabele warriors were outwitted, the British flag was planted at Forts Salisbury, Victoria, Charter, and other places, and the country now known as Southern Rhodesia was secured. In 1893 came the Matabele War and the downfall and tragic death of the tyrant Lobengula. Selous took part in the attack through the Mangwe Pass, and was severely wounded by a Matabele at close quarters. This business completed, the hunter returned home, was married to Miss Maddy, daughter of Canon Maddy, Vicar of Down Hatherly, Gloucestershire, and a little later, with his wife, returned to Africa as a settler on a farm some twenty-three miles from Bulawayo. In a few months' time came the Matabele Rebellion, when these fierce

savages rose against the whites and murdered every living soul they came across in outlying parts of the country. Selous and his wife escaped from their farm at Essex Vale just in time, riding into Buluwayo, and only saving from the wreck of their place a small terrier dog, which they carried on horseback with them. Leaving Mrs. Selous in Buluwayo, the hunter next took a very active part in the suppression of the rebellion, fighting with the colonial levies hastily got together. He had many narrow escapes, in one of which, having lost his horse, he owed his life to the devotion of Captain Windley, who galloped back for him, and just managed to save him from the Matabele, who were now close upon him, running him down with exulting cries. This service ended, Selous and his wife returned to England, where they chose for themselves that pleasant and hospitable home in Surrey, familiar during the last score of years to so many friends, sportsmen, and naturalists. Here Selous built his museum, and continued during many a year to fill it with picked trophies of big game, gathered during expeditions to such varied parts of the world as Norway, Asia Minor, Alaska, British Columbia, East Africa, the Sudan, Newfoundland, and elsewhere. In 1896 Selous published his 'Sunshine and Storm in Rhodesia,' a narrative of the rebellion. He also published in the 'nineties 'Sport and Travel East and West,' and a little later 'Hunting Trips in North America,' two capital records of shooting and natural history in Asia Minor and America. He contributed largely to that fine and classic folio, 'The Great and Small Game of Africa,' published by Rowland Ward. Quite recently, in 1914, he wrote the entire African section of another big work on sport, entitled 'The Gun at Home and Abroad.' His chief other work is 'African Nature Notes and Reminiscences,' published in 1908, a book abounding in information on the habits and life history of the more important fauna of Africa, and certainly one of the finest books of the kind ever placed before the public. Ex-President Roosevelt, in a foreword to this remarkable volume, bears glowing and enthusiastic testimony to the character of the author and the great value of his work.

After 1896 Selous never returned to South Africa. He disliked intensely the sorry business of the Jameson Raid, and he disliked also the intrigues and wire-pulling in Johannesburg and other financial circles by which the catastrophe of the Boer War—a catastrophe probably inevitable after Majuba Hill and the Jameson Raid—was forced on. He had many friends among the frontier

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Boers, and no one rejoiced more sincerely than he when the great *rapprochement* between British and Dutch was secured, and the Union of South Africa became an accomplished fact. He always meant to return to the scene of his old hunting exploits with his eldest boy, so soon as he left Rugby, but the great war and his own death put an end to that consummation.

Selous has passed from us, still, although his years were many, in the prime of life, strong and muscular as of yore, and able, as he proved during the long campaign in East Africa, to endure fatigues and exertions that broke down the constitutions of hundreds of his comrades less than half his age. Truth, honour, courage, and freedom were the things which before all others he valued most in this world ; and for these great things and for his beloved England he gave his life freely and gladly. This gallant veteran deserved knighthood for his services to the Empire a hundredfold more worthily than most of the successful traders, politicians, and self-seekers who, year after year, obtain that honour. Probably he valued his D.S.O. and his Gold Medal of the Geographical Society far more than the rewards which are in these days so often bestowed for none too knightly service. He was a great Englishman, and he leaves behind him a name that will endure for generations among those who cherish bravery, the spirit of adventure, and a stainless record.

H. A. BRYDEN.

A CANADIAN AT YPRES.

I. ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

STUTTGART, August 12, 1916.

THIS does not pretend to be a complete sketch of the battle of June 2 at Ypres, nor does it profess to be a correct military account: in fact it has little to say, for obvious reasons, about the military doings of that day; it does profess, though, to be a true history of my own personal experiences during and after the fight, and my impressions of the situation as I remember them. I am writing in bed, principally to take up my attention and pass a few hours pleasantly: if I continue this narrative till it is complete and up to date, it will probably interest my friends some day.

Front-line Trench—The Appendix—Ypres Salient, June 2, 1916.

About five o'clock on the morning of June 2, the enemy sent over a few shells from his trench mortars. So far as we could make out, they did no damage whatever, though they appeared to have our range. In all, there couldn't have been more than six shells sent over. We attached no importance to what seemed to us to be the usual morning greetings. As soon as the last one burst, we waited and watched for fifteen minutes or so, as was our usual custom, in order to avoid accidents. At the expiration of this period, we turned our attention to the needs and duties of the new day. We were holding a very advanced position called the Appendix, situated between Hooze and Sanctuary Wood, near the village of Zillebeke and the famous Hill 60. Our regiment, Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, was at the very apex of this small salient on the point of Ypres salient. We were wedged right into the German lines. The enemy could enfilade us from both sides, which he did continuously. The part of the trench I was in was only about forty yards from the German trenches. If the enemy managed to break through the troops to the right or left of us, we should be cut off and surrounded; that is exactly what happened on June 2, of which I will tell later.

When we were satisfied about the trench mortar shells, we got busy with our ration, mail, &c.

At eight o'clock my two comrades and myself had not yet cooked breakfast : instead of getting busy about it, we, along with several more fellows, probably a dozen, were standing in our bay discussing the contents of the mail bag, our issue of rations, where the latest German machine-gun emplacement was situated, and speculating as to how many shells our trench mortars would throw at it before it would be destroyed, &c. &c. Life in the trenches, as in any other place, has its daily round and common task ; and those engaged there, as in any other place, think, speak, and act in the terms and peculiarities of their environment.

Don't wonder at such seemingly small things as rations and mail taking up so much of that morning ; why, these, with perhaps a few shells added as colouring, are sufficient to form the material of a great epic.

Perhaps some one will sneer at such a statement, or put it down to a poor attempt at humour, but I mean what I say, though it would take a man like Kipling or Service to handle it successfully and put the 'grip' into it.

Now, just to explain what I mean, take the word 'rations' ; to a civilian it is just rations—daily food ; he can't see beyond that ; of course he can't, because he doesn't understand all that the word 'rations' means to the soldier in the front line, his comrades in supports, and the transport-drivers on the roads. Any soldier can weave thrilling stories on such a theme : he knows what 'Ration Party' and 'bringing up rations' means ; and can from his own experience tell many a story that would make one's pulses leap. Has he not, many times, stood on some exposed road, heavily raked by the enemy's shrapnel, waiting for the transports, which to him seem never going to come ; and when they did come, how feverishly everybody would work. Then after unloading, what excitement, and what hard, sickening work there was in carrying the rations to his comrades in the front line ! I often think of the many times my comrades and I have been out on such work, stealing through the night like ghosts, but, alas, unlike the ghosts in substance, our bodies were very vulnerable in an atmosphere so charged with danger and death. A large proportion of the casualties occur on these parties, which are always very dangerous.

But to proceed with my tale. Suddenly, about eight o'clock without the usual preliminary shots, the great bombardment

began; thus starting what one might call 'the third battle of Ypres.' Everything the Germans had concentrated for this attack was let loose at one and the same moment. There was no *crescendo* or working up in this great movement; it was at *fortissimo*, and had reached its full development at birth.

My two comrades and I had not yet had breakfast; we, like the foolish virgins, had been occupied by other things when the Bridegroom made his appearance. It was three long days after this when I broke my fast, and even then could only take by artificial means a small quantity of liquid. Moral: never suspend breakfast, or any other important matter, while you discuss the point; even though you may be saving the country, i.e. hammering out your inspired theories to your long-suffering friends at the street corner, *re* your pet party and its ability to solve all the problems that perplex mankind, while your wife is at home minding the children, bringing in coals, and chopping wood.

I have heard several fierce bombardments, and have seen the wild and frightful glare from the guns at night when a fight was in progress, but these were mere playful bouts in comparison with the bombardment of June 2.

Hundreds of guns were employed, throwing thousands of shells of all calibres; shrapnel, high explosive, and trench mortars, from the lightest field gun shell to the heaviest 'heavies' were dropping in showers. Rifle grenades, hand grenades, aerial torpedoes; gas shells, tear shells, and liquid fire. Several mines were also exploded prior to the infantry attack.

It was a perfect hell! Thick, heavy, and poisonous smoke enveloped us. Our trenches were being smashed to pieces; the very ground was trembling and groaning under our feet. Great shells were bursting and making gaping holes in the ground that were frightful to behold. Men were being hit and dying without a groan; some were blown to fine dust; not a thing was left to mark where they stood; they disappeared into abysmal space without a word or a sign; the wounded lay where they were hit, without a dressing, without assistance from their comrades; they lay in this front line through such a bombardment; and some are alive to-day, which fact is truly marvellous. Our stretcher-bearers worked heroically, but their efforts were unavailing; nothing could cope with such a situation; stretcher-bearers and infantry men were being mown down like wheat.

Many wonderful things were done by soldiers in our trenches

(which nobody saw save a few) to help the wounded, but as I said, these efforts were of no avail. At the very outset, one large trench mortar shell, 8 inches in diameter and weighing probably one hundred pounds, dropped almost on top of our little gathering. It landed just outside the parapet. The concussion was so great our parapet was blown in on top of us. I was dashed to the ground and almost burst asunder—at least that is how I felt; most of the group were shell-shocked, some I think killed outright; all of us were severely shaken (who were not killed). The atmosphere was so thick with smoke and dust, I couldn't see what damage was done. Those of us who could walk went down the trench a few yards to recover breath and give the shattered nerves a chance to subside. I appeared to suffer the least, for in a couple of minutes I was myself again: some of the other fellows were badly shocked and completely knocked out. I waited for a few minutes to give my comrades, who hadn't yet appeared out of the smoke, time to reach me, but when they didn't come I determined to go back and look for them. I had only proceeded a few steps when several more of those terrible eight-inch shells burst over the spot where we originally stood and where I thought my comrades were. After those shells burst it was useless to go back to the spot, as great banks of earth had been thrown up where our trench used to be, and any poor fellow who was lying there would be killed and buried: it was now impossible for me to get to the spot.

By this time thousands and thousands of shells were bursting all around us; we had just to stand and take it all. The field guns in the line, especially the wonderful 'Lahore Battery' in Maple Copse, did great work, but they were very soon blown to pieces.

Oh, the tragedy of it all! Many of us were in tears to see the havoc wrought and unable to lift a finger to prevent it.

At the part of the trench where I was there was no parapet, and very soon after the bombardment was on, there was no parapet, consequently we were entirely exposed to the enemy's fire.

I am proud to remember that not a man (I can only speak of the front line where I was), so far as I could see, left his post. Well we knew that the Germans would engage what was left of us in a hand-to-hand struggle for the trenches immediately the bombardment stopped.

Colonel Buller, our commander, and Major Gault, second in command, passed frequently up and down the trenches, giving some

advice here, and a few words of encouragement there; they both seemed to be satisfied with the conduct of their men.

Colonel Buller was a splendid man and a very able soldier; we always spoke of him as a 'no surrender man,' and every man in the battalion was ready to back him at every turn. His conduct and death on June 2 was what anyone who knew him would expect.

He stayed with his men to the last, and was killed while conducting a charge along a communicating trench which was gradually being encircled by the dense masses of German infantry. In order to see better what was being done, and to cheer his men on, Colonel Buller jumped up on top of the parapet, yelling to his men to 'Give them hell!' The boys rushed on and did give them 'hell,' but the gallant Colonel Buller was killed by a bullet piercing his breast. The charge only caused a momentary relief, as our men were hopelessly outnumbered.

Major Gault was very seriously wounded too; he was in the heart of things from the beginning. It was cheering to see him come along the trench with his smile on his face. Although he knew the struggle was to the death, he didn't seem to be at all disturbed. I verily believe if he was opposed to an army of fiends and hell-hounds led by the devil himself, he would still be the same debonair Major Gault.

All our officers did splendidly; they got up on the firing step with the men, shooting with a rifle for dear life. I don't know the casualties among the officers, nor the men either, for that matter, but this I do know, the proportion of the casualties bespeaks the valour displayed.

Nobody seemed to think of retiring; I know it never entered my head, before or after I was wounded. I had absolute confidence in our line holding, in spite of the terrible gruelling we were subjected to by the enemy's artillery. It was impossible to get through the enemy barrage, which was just behind our front line. Our line did hold fast till the end came, but the Germans blew up several mines on our right, rushed through the gap, got in behind us, and thus completely surrounded us.

They didn't at first attempt to come to grips, but bombed us from all sides.

Our bombers did some fine work at this point; they checked the German bombers, and with the assistance of the infantry, held them off until long after dark. The Germans started to come over when the bombardment was still in progress. They lost a lot of

men by their own fire. That seems to be part of their policy ; they sacrifice hundreds of their own men in order to get the advantage of their opponents.

Out of the three battalions who faced the attack, the P.P.C.L.I. and 1st and 4th C.M.R.'s, there were only about two machine-guns in action when the assault took place. The machine-gun section and trench mortar batteries were all practically wiped out. Sometimes there would be only one man left in the section, and when he could operate no longer, he either destroyed his gun or buried it. Thus the attack was met with rifle-fire and bombs.

Our communication with the artillery was cut early in the morning, and in order to get their co-operation we sent up S.O.S. signals by rockets and pigeons, but there was no result. It was evidently the day of wrath for us and the 'day of mourning' for many a one at home. It was our day of destiny.

It is useless to ignore destiny ; it is a great factor to be reckoned with in our little plans. I used to laugh at the destiny theory, but now I am a thorough convert to its teaching. All soldiers and men who have to look death in the face every day are believing in destiny. Such men are always superstitious. For this attack (on three battalions) the Germans had concentrated enormous quantities of guns and munitions of all sorts, and had several divisions of infantry to make the assault.

I was hit early in the day by an eight-inch trench mortar shell.

Unlike the shells from a field gun, naval gun, or howitzer (which are absolutely invisible, having an enormous velocity), these mortar shells can be easily seen, as their speed is comparatively slow.

They come through the air for all the world like a piece of stove-pipe that has been thrown from a huge catapult.

We used to dodge them by waiting until they were right overhead and had started to descend : only when they were on the downward plunge could we be certain as to where and when they would land. This only left us a few seconds to make about twenty yards to the right or left ; even then we were only safe when we lay down.

Lying flat, and getting cover if possible, is the best way to defend oneself from these monsters. I know a fellow who had his legs broken by the concussion from such a shell ; there wasn't a single scratch on him.

It was while dodging one of these that I got hit. I was so intent in watching it that I failed to see another coming from

a different direction. I had made my calculation and decided to jump to the left, and had completed most of the way from the danger zone when I ran right into the teeth of Number Two.

You know what the old proverb says about the pitcher that goes too often to the well? Have faith in it—it is perfectly true. I had been dodging for about an hour and a half, just escaping each time by a hair's-breadth. I would no sooner have got clear of one when I would be anxiously watching another; sometimes three or four together.

It was almost a relief when I got hit, for I ceased watching: I just lay down, feeling that I was done. There is a limit to most things—a person can't always be on the heights, whether of joy, anxiety, or pain. I was most certainly touching the high spots before the crash came. At the moment of explosion my only sensation was shock and a feeling of being strangled. I was forced to my knees, but not rendered unconscious. I tried to breathe, but couldn't: my muscles refused to act for over a minute. My agony was great trying to get breath and not being able even to gasp. I was temporarily paralysed.

The thought flashed through my mind that I was dead, but in a few moments I was able to see; then another thought flashed, and it saved me. 'If I have got to die, I will make a fight for it, anyway.' I jumped to my feet, waved my arm in the air vigorously, and, lo, the demon who was strangling me suddenly let go, blood rushed from my mouth and I could breathe—with great difficulty though; still, I could breathe, and that was the only thing at the time. I felt all over for wounds, and found none; yet I was covered with blood; then I thought of my face: I put my hand up and—well, I was staggered. I tried to feel my head with my left hand, but found I couldn't raise my arm. My shoulder was torn open and my left lower jaw was smashed to pieces.

I staggered to where the nearest man was, as I was alone when hit; when he saw me he rushed at me, caught me as I was falling, laid me down without uttering a word, and bolted for his very life.

I said to myself, 'Now he has gone for a stretcher to take me away; I shall soon be out of this,' but he never came back. Perhaps he thought I was done for; or perhaps he was frightened at my breathing, which I do believe could have been heard half a block away, or he may have been killed, which is very likely. At any rate I was left alone; not a soul came near me.

This fellow, when he laid me down, had the presence of mind to put me in a small shell-hole, otherwise I shouldn't be writing this to-day. Shells were dropping like rain; if I had been lying on the level I should have been utterly annihilated. As it was, I had a pretty rough time of it: I was buried several times, and had to crawl out as best I could from under the *débris*.

Each time I was buried, my wounds were being filled with dirt; to prevent this, after a while, when I had wits enough to think of it, I covered my face with a silk handkerchief I had in my pocket. To crown all, about one o'clock, when the mines went off, a large tree was blown up by the roots, hurled through the air, and landed—yes—right on top of me. The sides of the hole I was in saved me from being crushed to death; as it was, I got a severe jolt. When the tree fell on me I decided to change my abode, so I scrambled from under the branches, crawled a few yards, and entered another shallow hole. All sorts and sizes of things were falling on me; lumps of clay, pieces of sandbags, stones, and water. When a big shell would land near me, I would stop my ears with my fingers and refrain from breathing till the sickening explosion was past and most of the sulphur and gas had cleared away. After I reached hospital I could hardly lie in bed, so sore were my bones from lying out and being pommelled with stones, &c.

After twelve o'clock the sun was blazing down most cruelly. I suffered terribly from the heat and thirst. My brain began to wander; I seemed to be fighting and wrestling with unseen powers and devils.

My wound in the jaw was a demon; there was a most active devil in my throat; there was another lying beside me, mocking me, and mimicking my breathing. I was quite conscious and sensible to my condition and surroundings, but my brain didn't do the square thing. When I exhaled I could quite distinctly hear another exhalation a second later.

I was quite sure about the demon lying beside me, for he was mimicking my breathing and lying on my arm, else why did I hear another breathing, and why couldn't I raise my left arm?

He was laughing, too, at the hot sun beating down upon me, and the effort my lungs were making to keep things going. He seemed to think it a huge joke that I should be expecting the fellow (who left me so hurriedly) to come back.

He would keep bringing the subject up and laughing, till I

could stand it no longer ; so I told him to mind his own business ; that I wasn't expecting anybody ; that I always made such a noise when I breathed, and that I was very fond of the sun ; was very comfortable and not worrying a bit.

As the afternoon wore on and it got cooler I felt easier. I had still hallucinations, but they took a new turn.

All sorts of nice things were floating through my brain. I heard some of my favourite songs being sung, of which ' Good-bye, sweet Day,' and ' I hear a Thrush at Eve,' were among the most prominent.

I saw a glorious sunset, heard the nightingale sing, and listened contentedly to the gentle rustle of the wind in the trees.

Towards night I was roused out of this state of semi-consciousness by hearing voices and tramping of feet. I didn't open my eyes at once, for I wanted to be sure that I really heard something, and that it wasn't just another trick of my brain.

In a few moments I was satisfied ; yes, there was somebody there, sure enough. I wondered if that fellow had returned after all and brought the stretcher-bearers with him.

' Now,' I thought to myself, ' I won't open my eyes ; I will lie quiet till I feel them lifting me.'

After a moment or so, when there was no more the sound of voices and feet, ' Surely,' I thought, ' they are taking a long time to put me on that stretcher—I wonder—have they passed without seeing me ?

' Dear, dear, how can I be so foolish ; why, of course they are attending somebody else close by ; but I don't remember seeing anyone so close to me ; they could be there just the same, though ; that must be it—some other wounded man is being picked up ; my chance will come later.'

Being rather curious to see who was being attended to, I opened my eyes, but as the light was rather strong and my eyes very weak, I was unable to see clearly. I could just make out the dim outlines of some men who appeared to be standing around me. I strained my eyes for a stretcher, but failed to see anything that resembled one. I thought this very strange, especially as no one spoke to me. I raised myself as best I could to have a better look, and on doing so discovered for the first time that I was surrounded and being stared at by a large number of Germans. To say I was disappointed and surprised is to put it mildly. There was I expecting and believing that our stretcher-bearers would come

along for me some time or other, and instead found myself looking into the pasty, square faces of a bunch of Germans. The shock of the surprise must have turned my brain again, for I very soon found myself wrestling with the problem. I got very much confused, and couldn't understand the situation at all. What had happened, where I was, where I had been was absolutely out of my comprehension. I lay back again to think the matter over, and decided that I was enjoying a glorious nightmare.

It is a curious thing that even though my mind was wandering while lying out I remember every detail as if I had had all my faculties: the incidents are photographed on my brain for all time. My brain refused to connect those men who were staring at me with anything; I felt I owed them something for taking such an interest in me, so I raised my good arm and waved to them as much as to say 'Thanks awfully, I am enjoying a nice sleep, and am very grateful to you for looking after me in such a storm, but could you really stop that awful row, my ears are about "all in"!'

I very soon forgot them, and was busy dreaming about something nice.

Next time I wakened up, it was dark and there was a terrible commotion: I thought I was in a burning building, and could hear the awful cracking of burning wood. It appeared to me the whole world must be burning and cracking to cinders.

Very soon I thought it was more like a terrible hailstorm, but after a while, as no hailstones were falling on me, I decided that I hadn't yet discovered the real cause of this most phenomenal uproar.

Just about this time I became suddenly very much awake—something had roused me to real consciousness; I raised myself up a little and had a look around, but there was nothing to see, and, strange to say, there was a most uncanny stillness.

I wondered what could have wakened me. I looked around again near me to see if anyone had spoken to me or touched me, but I was all alone.

Gradually it dawned on me where I was, and soon I remembered being hit, and that I was terribly cold. My wounds were giving me a lot of pain, and blood was still flowing from them freely. I then thought of my field dressing which I carried sewn up in my tunic. I ripped open the pocket, and got out the bandages. I managed to get into a sitting position, and, before applying the

bandages I tried to review the situation, and what I had better do. I decided to call for assistance, but on making the experiment I found that I couldn't make the slightest sound. Here was a fine situation—I couldn't call for help, couldn't get up; what could I do anyway? Since I was hit to the present moment, I had no idea that I could live with the wounds I had. I was quite ready to die, but to die quick—I hated to think that I might lie for days before getting relief. When I discovered I couldn't make a sound, I recognised that I should have to get somewhere by my own exertion, and I couldn't see where I was to get the strength, if I was to be saved; or, on the other hand, lie still and die by degrees. Believe me, it takes a lot to kill a healthy body.

The situation didn't appeal to me at all. I was prepared for anything at this stage, and as I didn't have any foolish hopes or dreams (having now recognised that the Germans had taken our trenches and had passed over me), I only desired that whatever was going to happen would happen quick.

All this time, while I was turning the matter over in my brain, there was no noise at all—a most uncanny stillness had succeeded pandemonium. I seemed to feel that something was brewing. The noise I had heard before was rifle and machine-gun fire of the Germans trying to keep our troops from counter-attacking; what had wakened me to sane consciousness was the sudden stillness after the horrible uproar.

I undid the field dressing and tied the bandage round my head, doing my best to put my chin and jaw in place; this was impossible, of course, as the field dressing was altogether too small, and more particularly as the concussion had twisted my face and spread open the wound to a width of about three inches across my jaw from the ear.

The jugular vein was missed by a fraction, so was the larynx; my tongue escaped mutilation no doubt on account of its being pushed back into my throat. It was badly scorched, but otherwise unharmed.

After I tied up my jaw I lay back and tried to sleep, but couldn't, and never did all that night again. My pillow was my steel helmet, my bed, of course, was the hard ground.

It is a good thing I didn't go to sleep, for the rats had begun their nightly parade, and were crawling all over me. I didn't mind them crawling up my legs and over my body, but I was anxious to keep them away from my wounds. I thought if they tasted my

blood I should stand a poor chance, as there were thousands of them crawling all round. ('Crawling' is the only word that describes the movements of these vermin: they weren't ordinary rats. They were as large as tom-cats, and so fat and bloated, they could hardly get around.) I wasn't in the least afraid of them, strange to say, for on ordinary occasions the very sight of a rat makes my flesh creep and cold chills run up and down my spine; as I said, I was only concerned about them getting at my wound.

I was helped in my little affair with the rats by the guns suddenly opening up again. The noise was so great, the poor rats were frightened out of their wits (if rats have wits). Our boys had started a counter-attack. The storm of the guns was terrific. The firing was kept up most of the night. Away in the distance could be heard the cheering of our boys as they moved forward to the attack, which, as you all know, failed. The rats crawled away to their holes, or wherever they lived, and didn't make their appearance that night again.

I could hear the shrill whistles of the German officers, and was surprised and disgusted at the fierce, tigerish voice in which they yelled their commands; I don't know how their men stand it, nor their lungs, for that matter; it is the most savage and brutal thing I have heard. There is some excuse for it in the heat of battle, but they follow the same policy and practice on the parade ground in Germany. Yes, even in the hospitals; many a time I have been galled to desperation by the insane yelling of an adjutant at some of the unfortunate orderlies. The women are subject to the same lash (although there was one woman cook who could yell to death any German officer or non-com.: she did it too, and frequently).

When day broke and the sun began to get warm, I tried to get up, but couldn't. I raised myself a little and looked around. The sight that met my gaze shocked and horrified me. I couldn't describe, nor could any description give one an adequate idea of the scene. One would have to see it to realise it. The whole landscape was changed from a beautiful wooded picture with the greenest grass, and hundreds of birds singing in the trees, to the most weird and horrible-looking wilderness of ugliness and terror.

Between our trenches and the Hooge trenches there was a thick wood; some of our men were holding this part. In the morning not a vestige of the wood was left save a few short stumps.

One often reads in descriptions of a battle of the cries of the

wounded and dying, but there is really no such thing. All the wounded and dying I have seen were silent—as silent as the grave itself. Not a murmur was heard from the wounded this morning. It reminded me of a Sunday morning in Scotland (that is, if one can imagine himself enjoying the quiet of a Sunday morning lying on a huge rubbish dump), so quiet was it. Although I was lying in full view of the Germans, none of them came to help me. I could see them all around me; there was absolutely no question of my getting away—it was a physical impossibility to move without being seen; then I hadn't the strength to walk unaided. I had made several attempts to get on my feet, but so far had been unable to do so. I lay for practically the whole of the second day without a soul coming near.

Our batteries had now opened up, and were playing havoc with Fritz in his new position.

I was in constant danger, as shells were dropping and bursting all around me. It is a miracle how I escaped this new danger. It seemed impossible that I should escape, but escape I did.

Many shells entered the ground beside me, great ugly things lifting me up about a foot; others would whiz past my face and enter the ground with a crunch, shaking everything around, but wouldn't burst. If they had I should still be missing. I thought to myself, 'One of these times some of the brutes will take it into their heads to burst and make a fuss'; however, it didn't happen.

I saw the Germans rushing from place to place with their bodies doubled trying to keep as low as possible. I wasn't at all impressed with their courage. They seemed to be mortally afraid of our artillery. I could see them in places huddling close together, a sure sign, I thought, of fear. We always spread out as much as possible during a bombardment—the only sensible thing to do. One feels more comfortable, of course, when rubbing shoulders with his comrades, but it is a very bad thing to do; one shell might kill six men when one at the most ought to have been killed.

In spite of my condition, which was serious, to say the least, I couldn't but be struck by the humour of seeing Fritz trying to efface himself, a peculiar situation for the most egotistical people in the world. They imagine everything they do is done a little bit better than anybody else could do it, and that the world in general looks to them for inspiration.

I was thoroughly awake by this time and sensible of my

condition : the necessity of immediate help and attention was very evident to me. My weakness was so great it bordered on pain ; my breast was like to burst with the exertion of my lungs trying to get air, as I could only breathe through a very small space with the greatest difficulty and pain. I was still losing blood, and it was the second day. I had to lie face downwards to prevent the blood from flooding my stomach ; a great quantity did get down my throat at one time—I thought I should die of nausea and suffocation.

As my brain got clear, and I saw things in their true light, there came, with the change, the desire to struggle on.

I was lying between the Germans' front line and their second line. I knew that sooner or later, if I lay in my present position, I should be killed by the shells that were bursting all around me. I was in a very awkward fix ; if I lay where I was, death would come to me pretty soon, and, on the other hand, if I showed myself, the Germans might shoot me. Thirst was the thing that brought me to a decision ; I determined to risk being shot, and go on a quest for water. I didn't expect the slightest assistance from the Germans, as they saw me quite well at different times, and made no attempt to do anything for me.

Fired with the hope of soon getting water, I seemed to get new strength—I suppose the strength of desperation. I knew we had lots of water somewhere in the trench, so I set out to look for it.

I managed to get to my feet, and on looking round, a faintness came over me and I fell down again. When I got back my breath I determined to have another try at it, but this time I would crawl—not a very easy thing to do, as my left arm was useless and I was wearing shorts, which left my knees quite bare to go over ground covered with stones and old iron of all descriptions.

However, it had to be done, so off I set. After many wild attempts and as many rests, I managed to get to our old trench, about ten yards away. When I reached the trench there was nothing to be seen but horrible ruin. I drew myself up on the firing step, and sat down with my back against the parapet : of course, what was left of the trench and parapet wasn't worth while arguing about. I think I must have fainted as soon as I got on the firing step, for a German whom I could see about fifty yards away slinking across the open before I closed my eyes, had absolutely disappeared when I could open them again ; in that time he had gone about two hundred yards.

After a long rest I again tried to stand up, but I kept my eyes

closed ; this time, with the aid of the sides of the trench, I was able to remain on my feet and shuffle along the trench for a few yards, when I would fall down again. This went on for some time—getting up, walking a little bit, and falling down—till I came to a turn in the trench. Instead of getting what I was looking for, I walked right into a number of Germans. Not a soul spoke ; they all watched me with staring eyes. I looked at them for a few minutes, examining the faces of each one, then signed to them that I wanted water. Still nobody spoke. When I saw that they weren't likely to have water to give me, I crawled on my way through them all, and not one offered to stop me. I continued on my way with the idea of getting to a place where I knew we had our water. Very soon I met an officer and some men ; when he saw me he yelled, 'The enemy !' Now, I thought, here is where I get it ; he calls me the enemy ; not much hope there.

I slid down on to the ground and waited to see what was going to happen. He gave a few sharp orders. I looked up to see what he was about to do, and I must say I was surprised ; he was looking at me with sympathy clearly marked on his face.

His orders were to one of the men to take me along to the dressing station and see that I was properly attended to. One might ask how I knew all this, as it was spoken in German : I don't know how I did, but I certainly understood what he said, as the results clearly show.

He said 'The enemy' in English ; no doubt he was addressing me then ; being perhaps the only English word he could recall at the moment.

The young German who was detailed to look after me came towards me carrying his rifle with the bayonet fixed ; the officer on seeing this gave such a yell, the poor fellow nearly jumped out of his wits, and ordered him to unfix his bayonet and sling his rifle. When he had done so he took me by the arm, and we started out for the dressing station, wherever that was.

Our progress was very slow indeed ; after we had gone a little way we came to a break in the trench, causing us to go over 'no man's land' for a considerable distance. As soon as the German recognised that he was in an exposed position, he bolted for the other trench at the gallop, leaving me, of course, to receive and entertain as best I could the bullets and shells which were coming from our own guns away down the slope.

When he went off and left me, I said to myself, 'No, Fritz,

you can run if you like, but I am very tired, so I will just sit here and wait for your return.'

Our guns by this time were playing a very lively tune—I was certainly having a nice time. I could hear big shells coming roaring over Sanctuary Wood, making as much noise as a street car; and when they burst, what an awful sensation was caused! The Germans didn't appear to like them.

After I had a good rest I began looking around me, and discovered a little nest of rum jars a few yards away. I managed to get over to where they were, and the first one I touched seemed to be full of something. I took out the wooden stopper and poured out some of the stuff; it didn't look very much like pure water, being of a rather whitish colour like milk. However, I was satisfied with it when I noticed it could run. I was after some kind of liquid, so one sort was as good as another. Near the jar, along with a lot more rubbish, I discovered a small cardboard box, which I thought would do as a drinking-cup. I filled it up and attempted to drink the stuff, but found I couldn't do so; after a few vain attempts, I tried throwing it at my face with the hope that a few drops would get down my burning throat, but there was nothing doing. I succeeded in getting a bath, but no drink. With my efforts I started the blood flowing again, so I had to stop. I lay down, feeling very exhausted, and soon went to sleep; right out in the open, remember, where the chances of shaking hands were pretty good.

I was getting rather tired of bombardments by this time; I had long since got past all fear. Of course when the bombardment of June 2 started, I certainly felt a bit excited; any man to come through such a bombardment and say he had no fear isn't exactly stating the truth. It is impossible to have such an experience and not feel the pangs of dread. But being afraid and facing the thing you fear is a different thing to being afraid and giving way to your feelings either by running away or dying of fright. I venture to say all our men felt a certain amount of terror on realising that awful death was imminent, but not a man shirked his duty.

I had the same kind of fear I have felt when I threw off my coat at school preliminary to pitching into some other fellow bigger than myself; afraid of his strength and long arms, but determined to come out top.

I must have slept about an hour or so; when I awoke I felt

something hard pressing against my head (which, by the way, was too tender for hard things to feel comfortable). I sat up and had a look at this thing, which turned out to be a pair of boots, with big nails in them, sticking out from a mound of earth; they were toe downwards. I looked at them for a long time, and even felt them all over with my fingers. They looked like new boots; I wondered how they got there, especially in the position they were in. My brain being slightly off balance, it could only hold one idea at a time, and required a long time to digest even that: I couldn't understand how they got there. I lay down to think it out; the thing interested and worried me. I turned it over in my mind for a little, but soon got confused and went to sleep, forgetting all about it. Not till I was in the hospital at Menin did it dawn on me that I had been sleeping beside one of our own men who was buried by a large shell bursting near him. I knew it was one of our men by the boots.

I awoke out of sleep and felt a desire to roam around somewhere: all idea of a fixed place to go to had left me. I just felt I wanted to walk.

I gathered myself together, picked up my precious rum jar and began wandering around. I can't explain where I got the strength to do some of the wild things I did that day; I think it must have been nerves. The Germans very soon saw me and started signalling. When I noticed them I sat down and had a look at them; I hadn't the faintest idea what they wanted. Anyway, I saw they were waving to me, so I got up, waved back to them, picked up my jar, and went away in the opposite direction. I must have walked round in circles, for I found myself again facing the Germans. They seemed to be worked up about something, for I noticed several rifles pointed at me; whether they fired at me or not I can't say; if they did, they were poor shots, for I was only about fifty yards away. However, I continued to walk around, and ultimately arrived at the very part of the trench where the German officer was and from where I started out to go to a dressing station some hours before.

The officer came up when he saw me, and with a smile on his face tried to take the jar away from me, but I wasn't having anything like that.

He started to talk to me, illustrating his points by great motions of his hands, but I couldn't understand him. I had an idea he had no water of his own and wanted mine.

I laid the case before him with my hand describing circles and showing to him very plainly that I found the water, and that it originally belonged to our boys, that I was dying of thirst, and that I intended to keep the jar by me till I got to some place where I could get a tube or something to drink with. I don't think he followed my arguments very well; he only smiled and, turning to his men, selected a really capable young fellow and again gave instructions to conduct me to the doctor.

We started off as before, but the young soldier insisted on my leaving the rum jar; I tried to argue with him, but really the working of the German mind is beyond the average man. He had an idea that the rum jar would be a nuisance; and I thought it contained all that was delightful in this world for me; I didn't want to go to any doctor for bandages. However, he won his point, so off we set over 'no man's land' again.

I won't attempt to describe that journey; the agony I endured was simply awful. It seemed to me we walked over all Belgium and were days on the way. The German tried to carry me, but I couldn't stand the jolting.

I collapsed time and time again, and when I wakened up each time there was that young fellow kneeling beside me. I shall never forget him; he worked like a giant to get me safely to the doctor. He kept encouraging me by saying, 'Komm, komm—doctor, bandage—trink—soon, soon.'

ALEX. MILLAR ALLAN.

(To be continued.)

THE FLYING TEUTON.

BY ALICE BROWN.

WE were talking, that night, about the year after the great war, which was also the year of the great religious awakening. A few of us had dropped into the Neo-Pacifist Club, that assemblage of old-time pacifists who, having been actually immersed in the great war, afterward set humbly about informing themselves on the subject of those passions that make the duty of defensive fighting at times a holy one, and who, having once seen Michael hurl Satan down to the abyss, actually began to suspect you'd got to do more than read Satan the Beatitudes if he climbed up again. There never was anything like the eagerness of these after-the-war pacifists to study human nature in other than its sentimental aspects, to learn to predict the great waves of savagery that wreck civilisation at intervals—unless there are dykes—and to plumb the heroism of those men who gave their bodies that the soul of nations might securely live. We retraced a good many steps on wide territory that night, took up and looked at things familiar we were all the better for remembering, as a man says his creed, from time to time, no matter how well he knows it ; and chiefly we read over, in its different aspects, the pages of the great revival.

This was not, it will be remembered, an increase in the authority of any Church, but simply the recognition in all hearts of all peoples that God is, and that the plagues of the world spawn out of our forgetfulness that He is, and our overwhelming desire toward the things of this temporal life. Whence, in our haste, we sacrifice to the devil.

The terms of peace had been as righteous as it is possible for hurt hearts to compass. Evil had been bound, and foresight had made the path of justice plain. The nations that had borne the first attack (and with what light limbs they sprang to meet it !), they who had learned to read God in that awful unfurling of the book of life, were wonderfully ready to enter on their task of building up the house of peace.

The United States, which had saved its skin so long that it had almost mislaid its soul, was sitting at the knees of knowledge and plainly asking to be taught.

One amazing detail of the great revival was that there would be no industrial boycott. The men about the peace table came away from it so imbued with the desire to save the peoples who had been guilty of the virtue of obedience in following false rulers that they represented to their governments the barbarity of curbing even the commerce of those nations who had set the world ablaze. So it followed that territory and indemnities were the penalties imposed. Boundaries had changed—and so had governments!—but every country was to go back to its former freedom of selling goods in all quarters of the earth. In their arguments the peace delegates had used the supreme one that 'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord.' They had fixed the terms of all the vengeance they were sure they were entitled to, fixed it soberly and sternly, too. But they did not quite see, having effectually crippled the powers of evil, that they ought also to cripple the powers of good—the desire of nations to sell their products and the work of their hands abroad. So they said 'Vengeance is mine,' but they did not go so far as to note that, judging from the centuries, God Himself would indubitably be on the spot. He would repay.

It was in the spring of that year that a German liner, tied up since 1914, and waiting the will of the English fleet, was released and put into commission again and loaded with goods for the United States. On board her was Frank Drake, a newspaper correspondent, who had, after hovering about the Peace Congress, been wandering over Germany, in a desultory fashion, to see what changes had been wrought in her by the war. And it was Drake who sat with us at the Neo-Pacifist Club that night, and was persuaded to tell a story he had, in the year after the great war, got into print, and so done incalculable service to the muse of history and incidentally made his own name to be remembered. For what he had seen hundreds of others confirmed—only he saw it first, and gave his testimony in a manner so direct as well as picturesque that it might as well have been he alone that sang that epic story.

He was a tough, seasoned-looking man, spare, and hard as whipcord, and with an adventurer's face—aquiline, uplifted, looking for horizons, some one said. At this point of his life he was grey-headed—yet he never would be old. We had gathered about him as near as might be, and really filled the room 'way back into the shadows. He had been talking about the supernatural events that had been inextricably mingled with facts of battle and march and counter-march, and owned himself frankly bemused by them.

'It isn't as if I hadn't actually been in the war, you know. I've seen things. I haven't the slightest doubt a fellow blown out of a trench into the next world meets so many of the other fellows that were blown there before him that it gives him that look—I've seen it over and over—of surprise, wonder—oh, and beauty, too, a most awful kind of beauty. Whatever they saw when they went from the trenches to—wherever it is—they were mighty well pleased to be there, and satisfied that the other fellows could get along without them. And, mind you, things lasted, too, after they got over there. I'm as sure of that as I am that I'm sitting here. The love of it all—the *Vive la France!* you know, the grotesque fondness for Old Blighty that made them die for her—those weren't wiped out by getting into another atmosphere. It's all pretty much the same, you know, there and here, only there you apparently see the causes of things and the values. And you absolutely can't hate. You see what a damned shame it was that anybody should ever have been ignorant enough to hate.'

'You say it was a world of peace?' inquired a rapt-looking saint of a man in the front row.

'Don't talk to me about peace—yet,' said Drake. 'I'm not over there yet, and I haven't got that perspective. As for Peace, too many crimes were committed in her name those last years of the war—too much cowardice, expediency, the devil and all of people wanting to save their skins and their money. Yes, I know, peace is what they've earned for us, those fellows in Europe, and it's a gorgeous peace. But the word itself does take me back. It sets me swearing.'

'Yes, I'll tell you about the ship, the *Treue Königin*, and the first sailing from Bremen, if that's what you want. They'd put a good deal of spectacular business into the sailing of that ship because she was the first one after John Bull tied up their navy. There were flag-flying and crowds and Hochs, and altogether it was an occasion to be remembered. I knew it would be, and that's why I was there. I rather wanted to say I was on the first free ship that sailed out of Bremen, and I hadn't any Teutonophobia any more since Kultur had got its medicine. Besides, wasn't the whole world chanting "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord"? and I'd begun to be awakened a little, too, in my inward parts, though I didn't talk much about it. The voyage began delightfully. I was the only American on board. The rest were merchants going over to take up relations with us again, and a brand-new consul or two. I didn't have much

to do with any of those fellows, and the more things happened the more I didn't see them. I didn't want to get all muddled up with the absurdity of the lay mind's attitude toward evidence.

'Near evening on the second day something queer happened. It was foggy, and I was on deck, talking, in a desultory way, with the first mate, but really wondering if I'd got to sleep to the obbligation of the fog-horn all night, when suddenly out of the dark came the nose of a great ship. Our engines were reversed, but not in time, and she struck us amidships. I cowered down. Yes, I did. There was no time for life-preservers and lowering boats. I simply cowered, and put my hand over my eyes. But there was no crash, no shock, no grinding of splintered wood and steel. I opened my eyes. The first mate was still there, a foot or two further from me, as if the apparition had started him toward his duty in case of collision. But he was looking off into the fog, and now he turned and looked at me. I have seen men frightened, but never one in such case as this.

"Did you see it?" he asked. It was as if he implored me to say I had, because otherwise he'd have to doubt his own reason.

"Did she sheer off?" I asked. My voice sounded queer to me.

"Sheer off? She struck us amidships and went through us."

'I began to stare round me. I must have looked a fool. It was as if I were trying to find a break in a piece of china. There was the deck unoccupied, except for us two, exactly as it had been when we were struck. There were the smoke-stacks and boats, and altogether the familiar outline of the ship.

"Well!" said I. My voice was a sort of croak now. "You and I are nutty, that's all. There never was any ship."

'But he turned and ran up to the lookout, and afterwards I heard the wireless zip-zipping away, and later—for I stayed on deck; I couldn't go below—I saw him and the captain standing amidships and talking. They looked pretty serious and really a little sick, just as I felt. And I didn't speak to either of them. Didn't dare. You know when there's a fire in the hold, or any such pleasantry on board ship, you'd better let the great high josses alone. Well, that's what I did. The next day I found the first mate wouldn't notice me. He spoke English perfectly, but all I could get out of him was a *Nein* or a *Was?* and as stupid a grin as I ever saw on a man's face. So I understood the incident was closed. And it began to look a little thin even to me, who'd seen it. But the next night, with no fog at all, the thing happened

again. A big British liner came down on us, and we did all in the power of navigation to escape her; but she raked us and passed through us from stem to stern, and I swear I put out a hand and touched her as she cut the length of the deck. For an instant I believed what I know every officer and man on the ship believed at the time—believed madly, for you couldn't reason in the face of that monstrous happening. They believed England had broken the peace, only they cursed "perfidious Albion," and I knew she'd got wind of some devil's deed we hadn't heard of, and was at her old beneficence of police work on the sea. But it was only an instant we could think that, for there, untouched, unharmed, at her maximum speed went the English liner. And we, too, were untouched. We weren't making our course because we'd manœuvred so as to avoid her, and now we lay there an instant, trembling, before we swung about again. Yes, it's a fact; the ship did tremble, and though there was her plain mechanical reason for it, it seemed to be out of panic, just as everybody aboard of her was trembling. And that night the ship's doctor, a fat, red-haired man whom I'd remembered as waltzing indefatigably and exquisitely on a trip to the West Indies, but who had been turned into a jelly of melancholy by the war, did talk to me. I think he had to. He thought he was dotty and the entire lot were dotty. He had to find out whether a plain American was on to it.

"A pleasant night, last night," he said.

"I knew what he was coming at, and I thought there was no need of wasting our time by preambles. "Yes," said I, "till the British liner ran us down."

"He looked at me—well, I can't tell you how grateful he looked. All melted up, you know, the way those fattys are sometimes. I stepped away a little. I thought he was going to kiss me.

"You saw it, too. God be thanked!" said he.

"Saw it!" said I. "I not only saw her, but I touched her on the elbow as she split the deck. Splendid old lady, wasn't she? But eccentric. Makes nothing of cutting a ship in two, just for fun, I suppose, and not losing speed. Her little joke. That's how I take it, don't you?"

"But I shouldn't have chaffed him. It shut him up. I think he gathered I was in it somehow. But the fact is, I was scared. Well, if you'll believe me (and of course you will, for I've written the thing out in my "Notes on the War," and it's been quoted over and over till even school children know the text of it), so, as you must

believe me and the hundreds that corroborated me, in other cases, the next collision, or ramming—what shall I call it?—happened in broad daylight, ten o'clock in the morning. It was a perfectly clear day and a smooth sea. We were in the track of the freighter *Marlborough*, and by George! she didn't make way for us. She ran through us as neat as wax and cut us in two. But we didn't stay cut. We didn't show a crack. And there she went churning off, as gay as you please, and we steamed on our way. Only we weren't gay, mind you. We were scared. And the doctor, ghastly again, came stumping across the deck to me, and I thought he was going to fall into my arms.

"*Lieber Gott!*" said he. "What does it mean? We see them, but they don't see us."

'That was it. We'd been slow in taking the hint, but we'd got it at last. We were invisible on the seas. We were practically non-existent. And we'd tried wireless. We'd sent out call after call, and finally, desperately, S.O.S., because we knew, if there were a conspiracy against us, no ship but would listen to that. No answer. We were marooned—if you can be marooned on the high seas. Civilisation had put us on an island of silence and invisibility. Civilisation wasn't going to play with us any more. But it wasn't civilisation at all. It wasn't any punitive device of man. It was something outside.

'For the next two days the doctor hardly left me. I suppose he was forbidden to talk, and he had to keep near somebody or die. He wasn't the man he was when he tripped the light fantastic in the West Indies. He'd been through the war, and now he was going through something worse. And he said to me the morning of the day before we were due in New York:

"Now we shall be picking up the pilot. And I shan't go back. I've got a married daughter in New York. I shall spend the rest of my life with her."

'And, as we went on, we sighted ship after ship. It was a gay day for ships. You don't know how many there are until they won't notice you. And not one of them would turn out for us or answer our call. And everybody was desperate now on board, though we had learned we were safe enough, even if they did run us down. So we put on all speed and forged ahead and rammed whatever got in our way—and never sank them. Never seemed to touch them. But with every one we hit and never hurt our panic grew. Desperate panic it was, from the captain down to me. Then we

came on the pilot-boats, quite a distance out, for of course everybody knew we were coming and there was a little rivalry about it all. Just as I'd wanted to say I'd crossed on the first liner from Germany, every pilot wanted to be the one to take us in. Well, the first one was making for us and we hailed him. But, by God! he didn't slacken speed, but dashed through us. That little bobbing boat ran through our High Mightiness and went careering on in search of us. And we went on in search of another pilot. And we sighted him shortly, several of him; and, though they didn't ram us in that ghostly way they had, they went sliding by us, bowing and ducking to the breeze, and always—that was the awful part of it—looking for us. There we were, and they didn't see us. And we hailed them and they didn't hear. By that time we were all pretty nearly off our nuts, and it took us different ways. The captain was purple with rage and that sense of injured importance the *Deutscher* didn't lose by having to toe the mark after his big war bubble burst. He swore, and I heard him, that he could take his own ship into New York Harbour as well as any condemned pilot that ever sailed, and he wouldn't even hail another, not even if all the dead in the sea rose up and faced him. I was rather worried over that about the dead in the sea. I couldn't help thinking that if all the dead recently in the sea rose up and combined against any German ship, it would have short shrift. But we were all, I fancy, rather glad of his stand. We had full confidence in him. He was a clever, daring fellow, heavier by the iron cross—for in the last years he'd sent scores of men unwarned to the bottom, and he had been precious to *Kultur*. We much preferred to go in unpiloted to making even one more grisly try at proving we were living flesh and blood.

My own particular obsession was to wonder what would happen if, when a ship clove our decks and left them solid, as they'd done so often in the past six days, I put myself in the way of its nose. Would it run through me like a wedge and I close up unhurt? Would it smash me, carry me with it off the deck, to Kingdom Come? I wondered. It didn't smash life-boats or deck-chairs. It—I found I was beginning to call the ramming boats "it," as if there were but one of them, though really there were all kinds of craft—it would go through a rug on the deck and leave it in its folds. But I hadn't the sand to put myself in its way and find out beyond a peradventure whether it tore me, nerve from nerve. The drama was too absorbing. I wanted to see it through. I did once, in my most daring minute, stand at the rail, watching a freighter

as it came, head on. And I yelled to the lookout, when we were near enough to pass the time of day, yelled desperately. I can see him now, a small man with a lined face and blue eyes screwed up into a point of light, as if the whole of him concentrated on feeding that one sense, just seeing. And there was a queer-shaped scar on his face, a kind of cornerwise scar, and I wondered how he got it. The freighter was making her maximum, and so were we; but in that fraction of time I waited for her it seemed to be hours, eternities, that I had my eyes on the little man with the scar. It seemed as if he and I alone had the destinies of the world to settle. If I called and he answered me, it would prove our ship was not lost in a loneliness of invisibility more terrible than any obvious danger on the unfriending seas. Suppose you were in hell, and you met face to face somebody that had your pardon or your reprieve mysteriously about him, and the pardon and reprieve of all the other millions there—think how you'd fix him with your eyes and signal, call to him for fear he'd pass you by. Well, that was how I signalled and called the little man with the scar. But he stared through me out of those clear lenses of his eyes, and when I yelled the loudest he made up his lips and began whistling a tune. It was a whispering sort of whistle, but I heard it, we were so near. And the tune—well, the tune broke my heart, for it was an old English tune that made me think of the beautiful English country as I had seen it not many weeks before, with the people soberly beginning to till it with unhindered hands. And here were we on a German ship that the world wouldn't even see. The sun himself wouldn't lend his rays for humanity to look at us. And then, as I began to cry—yes, I cried; I'm not ashamed to own it—the freighter passed through us, and I felt the unsteadiness of her wake. The lookout and I had met in hell, and I had hailed and he had not answered me.

'Was I glad to see the Goddess of Liberty and the gay old harbour of New York? I believe you! We went on like a house afire, and once, when I caught a glimpse of the captain's face, I decided he could steer his ship into any harbour against unknown reefs and currents, because there was a fury of revolt in him, a colossal force of will. And as I thought that I exulted with him, for though nobody knows better than I do the way the Furies ought to be out after Kultur—oh yes, they'd have to or lose their job—there was a kind of fighting grit that came up in me, and for that voyage I was conscious that the *Treue Königin* had got to fight, fight, for

existence, the mere decency of being visible to other men. Did we sail into New York Harbour, invisible or not? You know as well as I. The story's as real as George Washington and Valley Forge, and it'll stay in print, like them, as long as print exists. We stopped short, an instant only it was, and then against the impetus of the ship and the steering-gear, and against the will of her captain and her crew, she turned about and steamed away again. And, by the Lord! it was as graceful a sweep as I ever saw a liner make. I remember thinking afterward that if there were heavenly steersmen on board—the Furies, maybe, taking the wheel by turns—they knew little tricks of the trade we pygmies didn't. At first, of course, this right-about didn't worry us. It didn't worry me, at least. I thought the captain had found it a more difficult matter than he thought, and was going down harbour again, for some mysterious nautical reason, to turn about and make another try. But pretty soon I saw my fat doctor making for me. He was ash-coloured by now, and he kept licking his dry lips.

"We're going back," he said.

"Ah?" said I. "They don't find it so easy?"

"Why, good God, man!" said he, "look at the sun. Don't you see your course? We're going back, I tell you!"

"Back where?" I asked. But I didn't care. So long as we made New York Harbour within twenty-four hours or more I wasn't going to complain.

"Where?" said he. He looked at me now as if he'd got to teach me what he knew, and I thought I'd never seen eyes so full of fear, absolute fear. Nothing in mortal peril calls that look into a man's eyes. It has to be the unknown, the unaccounted for. "How do I know where? I only know the ship's out of our hands somehow. She won't answer."

"Well," said I, "something's the matter with the machinery." You see the bright American air, the gay harbour, the Statue of Liberty—everything had heartened me. For an instant I didn't believe we really were invisible.

"The machinery's working like a very devil, but it's working its own way. You can't turn a nut on this ship unless it wants to be turned. You can't change your course unless this devil of a ship wants it changed."

I laughed out. "You've been under too much of a strain," said I. "You seem to think the ship's bewitched. Well, if we're not to dock in New York, after this little excursion down the

harbour, where is it your impression we're going? Back to Germany?"

"God knows!" said he, solemnly. "Maybe back to Germany. I wish to God we were there now. Or maybe we shall sail the seas—eternally."

"I laughed again. But he put up his hand and I stopped, his panic was actually so terrible. I was sorry for the beggar."

"Wait!" said he. "I thought that would happen. I wonder it hasn't happened before."

"A man came running—the quartermaster, I found out afterward—and I had one glimpse of his face as he passed. He covered the deck as if he were sprinting and was near the goal, and suddenly the run seemed only to give him momentum or get his courage up, and he slipped over the rail, with a flying confusion of arms and legs, into the sea. I yelled and grabbed a lifebelt and ran to the rail, where I knew there'd be sailors, in an instant, letting down a boat. I threw my lifebelt, and kept on yelling. But no one came, no one but the doctor. In an instant I realised he was by my side, his hands in his pockets, his eyes fixed in a dull gaze on the sea. And we hadn't slackened speed, and we hadn't put about, and I saw two other sailors idly at the rail, looking as the doctor looked, into the vacancy of immediate space."

"For God's sake!" said I, "aren't they going to do something?"

"There's nothing to do," said my doctor. "He won't come up. They know that."

"Won't come up? Why won't he?"

"Because he doesn't want to."

"Didn't you ever hear of the instinct of self-preservation," I spluttered, "that steps in and defeats a man, even when he thinks he's done with life? How do you know but that poor devil is back there choking and praying and swallowing salt water, and sane again—sane enough to see he was dotty when he swapped the deck for the sea?"

"He won't come up," said the doctor. He turned away and, with his head bent, began to plod along the deck. I couldn't help thinking of the way he used to fly over the planks in the West Indies. But he did turn back again for one word more. "Did you," said he—and he looked a little—what shall I say?—a little ironic, as if he'd got something now to floor me with—"did you ever happen to hear of the *Flying Dutchman*?"

'Then I understood. They'd understood days and days ago. The words had been whispered round the decks, in the galley even, *Der Fliegende Holländer*. Knowing better than I what Kultur had done on the high seas, they had hit sooner on the devilish logic of it. They were more or less prepared. But it struck me right in the centre. After they'd once said it I didn't any more doubt it than if I'd been sitting in an orchestra stall, with the score of the old "Flying Dutchman" and the orchestra's smash-bang, and the fervid conductor with his bald head to divert me for a couple of hours or so. And I went down into my cabin and stretched out in my berth and shut my eyes. And all I remember thinking was that if we were going to sail the seas invisible till doomsday, I'd stay put, and not get dotty seeing the noses of ships cleaving the deck or trying to hail little whistling men with scars on their faces and finding that, so far as they knew, I wasn't in the universe at all. I think I dozed for a matter of two days. The steward brought me grub of a primitive sort—our cuisine wasn't what it had been coming over—and news, whenever I would take it from him. There had been more of the ghastly collisions. We had picked up S.O.S. from an English ship and gone to her rescue, to find we could neither hail her nor, though we launched boats, approach her within twenty feet. Why? The same reason that prevented our going into New York Harbour, if you can tell me what that was. And in the midst of these futile efforts a Brazilian freighter came along and did the salving neatly, and neither ship was any more aware of us than if we had been a ship of air. But my chief news, the only news that mattered, I got from the steward's face. It was yellow-white, and the eyes were full of that same apprehension I had learned to know now—the fear of the unknown. He brought sparse items he dropped in a whisper, as if he had been forbidden to speak and yet must speak or die—about the supply of water, the supply of coal. It was his theory that, when the coal actually gave out and the engines stopped, we should stay everlastingly tossing in the welter of the sea, watching the happy wings of commerce go sailing by and hailed of none. But that proved not to be so, and when he told me that it scared him doubly. For we economised coal to the last point, and it proved the engines went excellently without it, so long, at least, as we kept our course for Germany. Evidently, so far as we could guess at the designs of those grim powers that had blocked our way, a German ship was to be aided, even by miracle, to sail back to Germany, but not to enter any foreign port.

And we did go back to Germany, meeting meantime other German ships just out, and we hailed them and they saw us and answered. And the same fear was on the faces of every soul on board, and the news was in every case the same. They were, to all the ships of all the world, invisible.

'We slunk into harbour, and I have never known how the captain met his company or what exporters said to the consignments of merchandise returned untouched in the hold. I only know that the shore officials looked strangely at us, and, since we told the same mad story, seemed to think a whole ship's crew could hardly be incarcerated. You must remember, too, that since the war signs and wonders have had a different value. There have been too many marvels for men to scout them. There was the marvel of the victory, you know. But we won't go into that. I suppose books will be written about it until the end of time. You may be sure of one thing—I didn't let the grass grow under my feet. I took a Dutch boat for Holland, and from there I put for England, and sailed from Liverpool, and was in New York in a little over five days. And by that time the whole world knew. German ships were in full possession, as they had been before the war, of the freedom of the seas—except that they mysteriously could not use it. German ships took passengers, as of old, and loaded themselves with merchandise. But there was not a port on the surface of the globe that could receive them. Yet there was a certain beneficence in the power that condemned them to this wandering exile—they could go home. And so strange a thing is hope, and so almost unbreakable a thing is human will, that they would no sooner go home in panic than they would recover and dare the seas again, as if, peradventure, it might be different this time, or as if the wrath of the grim powers might be overpast. And it came out that the shipping rotted in their harbours, and there were many suicides among sailing-men.'

When Drake reached this point in his story he almost always got solemn and rhythmic. His book was succinctly and plainly written, but he could never speak of its subject-matter without the rhythm of imagery.

'You know,' he said, 'it wasn't expected, while the war was going on, that there would be a living being, not of Teutonic birth, who would ever be sorry for a Teuton until near the tail end of time, when some of the penalties had been worked out. But, by George! the countries that had been injured most were the first to be sorry

for the poor devils that had prated about the freedom of the seas and now had to keep their own ships tied up in harbour, tight as in war-time, because the fleet that withstood them, drew the mighty cordon, was the fleet of God. Belgium had prayers for the German fleet. England sent experts over to see what was the matter with their engines. Russia prayed for the boats, as she had for her four-footed beasts in the war, and France—well, France proposed that she and England should establish a maritime service from Germany to the United States and South American ports, with nominal freight rates, until the world found out what the deuce was the matter or what God actually meant. And it was to begin the week before Christmas, if you remember, and something put it into the clever French brain that maybe a German Christmas ship—a ship all full of toys and dolls—might be let to pass. France didn't think it was bamboozling God by swinging a censer of sentiment before Him; but it knew God might be willing to speak our little language with us, encourage us in it, let us think He knew what we were trying to tell Him when we took the toys and dolls. And, if you remember, a string of ships went out that day, all with pretty serious men on board, men of an anxious countenance. And the British and French ships convoyed them like mother birds, and other British and French ships met them, and for a time no Teuton ship dared speak a foreign one for fear it should not be answered. But finally one—it was my old ship, the *Treue Königin*, and on her my old captain—couldn't wait any longer, and did speak, and every French and English boat answered her, and she knew she and the rest were saved—for the eyes of man could see them and the ears of man were opened to their voice. And that's all. You know the rest—how the German navy slowly and soberly built up its lines and sailed the seas again, but how nobody ceased talking of the wonder of the time when it was under the ban of judgment. And nobody ever will cease, because of all the signs and marvels of these later years this was the greatest.'

'I have heard,' said the pacifist in the front row—'I hardly like to mention it; these things are best forgotten—that there is one submarine that actually does sail the sea, and never has found rest. But that, they say, is sometimes visible.'

'Yes,' said Drake. He looked grim now, and nobody could doubt that he knew whereof he spoke. 'She is sometimes visible. She plies back and forth along the Irish coast. I'd heard it over and over, and I'd heard that on May 7 she shows her periscope.'

She is obliged to. And they say she has one passenger—the Man We Do Not Mention.'

'Do you suppose—' began the pacifist, and Drake interrupted him:

'Do I suppose that sentence ever will be worked out? Maybe it isn't a sentence. Maybe it's a warning, against pride and cruelty and lust of power; maybe the Man We Do Not Mention is condemned to sail it, and sails it in fear and hate. But maybe he sails it in humility by now, and is willing to be hated, so long as he can be the warning to the world—the warning against his sins. Do you know, I've often wondered if he knows one thing—if he knows that, whenever toasts are drunk in Germany, it isn't now *Der Tag*, but it is, since that day when England and France joined hands to help their scared old enemy, "The Fleet!"'

'He'd think it meant the German navy, anyway,' said a younger, unregenerate man, who was no pacifist—only, being young, too quick of tongue and rash of apprehension.

'Oh no, he wouldn't,' said Drake, a very warm tone in his voice. It told youth it didn't know what its elders had been through. 'He'd know it meant—The Fleet!'

TALKING IN CHURCH.

BY THE REV. P. H. DITCHFIELD, F.S.A.

IN the easternmost corner of the Cotswold country a long time ago—that is to say, just after the war began—I had been tramping all the day over high stretches of cultivated downs, when suddenly I found myself in a veritable sylvan Arcadia that seemed like the undisturbed remains of the great ‘forest primeval.’ I gazed on lovely stretches purpled with heather and bronzed with fading fern, upon oak-woods with boughs rimed with the fretwork of lichens, and dark beech-groves with their floor of red-brown leaves on which the branches wove their own warp and woof of light and shadow. And in the midst of this sylvan loveliness stood one of the prettiest villages I had ever seen. All the houses are built of a local stone which has turned to a grey yellow or rich ochre, and are steeply thatched or roofed with thinnish slabs of the same yellowish grey stone, called by the vulgar ‘slats.’ I notice the faultless symmetry of the thatched slopes, the clean-cut edges, the gentle curves of the upper windows, the nestling dormers in the middle of the roof which seem to lie like children in their mother’s arms and invite to peacefulness and repose.

They are very beautiful, these cottage homes in this village that I have found. The diamond-paned windows have stone mullions with drip-stones over them, and over the doors are stone cornices with spandrels. Some dwellings have buttresses with ancient dates carved on them and the arms of a noble family. Honeysuckle, roses, clematis, ivy, japonica, beautify the cottage walls, in front of which are well-kept gardens behind trim hedges. Everything seems unhurried, quiet, moss-grown, and orderly. Season follows in the track of season, and one year can hardly be distinguished from another. Time is measured by the silent dial, and the old dial on the church porch has lost its lines and figures, so regardless is it of the passing hours. The greenest meadows and orchards slope down to a little stream that trots through the valley, and this rivulet is the only restless thing that rushes in the village, and seems eager to get to the sea, of which it has as little knowledge as the three-years-old child of the storms of manhood. There

are roads, too, leading to distant towns, but they seem in no hurry to get there.

I walk through the village. Little can have changed here through the ages. It is much the same now as when Charles I laid his head upon the block in Whitehall, or when the Armada threatened and Elizabeth ruled, or when Becket lay dead on Canterbury steps. The snow that fell on the coffin of the White King as he was borne to his last resting-place at Windsor covered these roofs, and the storm that raged when Cromwell lay a-dying made yon oak trees groan and tore the thatch from these very domiciles. Yonder path up the hill sheep were climbing and shepherds herding them when Harold was on his way to Senlac. It has been so since England began—it will be so when I am dead. We are only shadows that pass. But England lives always—and shall live.

In this mood I entered the old church just when the sun was dipping in the west, and sat down on one of the old benches, as doubtless many a pilgrim of old had done, and knelt. It is a grand and ancient church, a little cathedral in miniature. The Norman builders had reared the entrance doorway and some fourteenth-century mason had cut away the tympanum and fashioned a fine cinquefoiled opening. Arcades with fourteenth-century piers and arches separated the nave from the aisles. Carved heads of kings and queens and bishops looked down upon me from the clerestoried roof. Hatchments showed the arms of the great families who had ruled as lords of the manor, and in the distance were the choir and altar, the western sun shining upon the gilded cross that stood upon the latter. I could detect the faint outlines of figures of saints painted on the walls—a giant St. Christopher, an Annunciation fresco, and here and there a battered piscina which betokened the former presence of an altar, ere reforming zeal had swept it away. I leaned my head against the tall bench-end, carved fantastically by a fifteenth-century craftsman, and mused.

Presently I heard a somewhat sharp-toned female voice speaking in a complaining manner:

‘Well, Sir John, by our Lady, you are eke silent, forsooth. Our guests have all departed long ago, and yet you greet me not. Shall we not resume our nightly talk?’

‘Wrangle, you mean, madam. It seems to me that as the years fly, your tongue becomes more envenomed, like that shirt Dejanira sent to Hercules, as Chaucer tells in his “Monk’s Tale.”’

'Beshrew me, Sir John, you are none too courteous to-night. Have you slept badly, or has the crew of modern fools of visitors annoyed you more than usual?'

'Certes, they are a plague, these nincompoops. How they flatter you and praise your perpetual stony smile! Little do they know you, madam. You think yourself a very generous soul because you pulled down a great part of this old building, and set it up anew in your own fashion, and made my bed and canopy too small for me to lie at ease.'

'That was my builder's fault, Sir John. He measured you a little less than your proper size. But it was all caused by your silly leg,' said the dame.

'And what is wrong with my leg, madam, to which you refer so indelicately?' I heard a little chuckling sound from the lady's canopy, and then the voice said:

'Why, your crusader's leg! Ha! Ha! It always makes me laugh to hear the fools talk of you as a brave crusader, when you know that you never wandered further than France.'

'That was only an artist's whim, madam. It was the fashion in my day to carve knights with their legs crossed at the knees, the ankles, or the thighs, just as fashion created your wimple and little jacket. The stately ladies of our court in good Edward's time would never have been seen in such an absurd garment.'

'Not so absurd as your leg. Ha! Ha! (Chuckling prolonged.) You fancy yourself very distinguished, Sir John Pratellis, because of your aillettes, which no knight ever wore save in the two first Edwards' time. I never saw in my day such curious arm-gear. You men were always as much slaves to fashion as we women.'

'I can never think of you, my dear madam, as a slave to anything or anybody.'

'O yes, good Sir John, I was a slave to my husband, while he lived. He was very stern and fierce, and I was afraid of him; but I loved him; and when he died, good sooth, I became what these modern hoydens call emancipated; and I spent his money right well, and rebuilt this church for the good of his soul and mine too.'

'You scamped your work,' madam.'

'I did not, Sir John.'

'At least you should have made my canopy larger.'

'That is a little punishment for your sins, Sir John. You

know you ought to do penance for many little vices. But you have not told me to-night about your wars, your brave deeds. Let me see if I can remember them. You went to Bayonne with your Edward Longshanks, and fought against Philip the Fair, and against the Scots at Dunbar, and Wallace beat you near Stirling, and Bruce at Bannockburn. You were a little unfortunate, Sir John,' and I heard again the chuckling laughter.

'Those damned Scots were always demons to fight, but they did not fight fair, with their spiked pits, their tricks and dodges unworthy of a knight of chivalry. We English always fight fair; with lance in rest we charge, and our gallant archers are the wonder of the world.'

'I wonder how they fight now. I hear there is fighting going on, and the vicar reads prayers for our soldiers and sailors. God save England! She is a dear country and worth fighting for. You and I bore her burdens in our day. You fought in your time: my husband fought in mine at Crecy and Poitiers, and I was all in a tremble at home praying for his safety. And now England is fighting again. Always war; always fighting. God save England! Sir John.'

'Aye, God save England!' echoed the deep, stern voice of the old knight. And there was silence.

Presently another voice sounded in the church. It came from the centre of the chancel, where I discovered later on the magnificent brass of John Wilcotes and his first wife Alice. It is one of the finest in the kingdom. The heralds describe it thus:

John Wylecotes and Alice his wyfe ob. MCCCCXXXX.

Quartering, 1 and 4, azure, an eagle displayed argent, ducally gorged or; 2 and 3, or, an eagle displayed gules.

This Dame Alice was a descendant of the old knight Sir John Pratellis or Preaux, to whose conversation I had been listening, and a widow when John Wilcotes married her, and through her became possessed of the manor of the village. After her death he married again, but here he lies beside his beloved Alice and in the twilight they talked and I listened:

Alice. The night comes again very quickly, dear John.

Wilcotes. Nay, the nights speed fast, and the days seem long to me when I may not hear your tender voice, beloved; speaking to me as in the sweet days of yore, when we walked together in our dear garden.

Alice. Do you remember those days? And yet when I died

you married that odious Elizabeth Cheney. How could you? How could you?

Wilcotes. That was all a mistake, my love. You see, she was the sister of my friend William Cheney, and she set her cap at me, and I was foolish, and I had not heard her vixenish tongue wagging as it did after we were wed. By our Lady, Alice, how I wished a thousand times that I was free, and that you, beloved, had not died. But her brother was bent on our marriage. I expect he was tired of her shrewish ways, and I was in debt to him for the favour of good King Henry. You remember that I told you that the King sent me to Cornwall to bring back his treasure, and he gave me £100 for my trouble, and he made me sheriff of Oxfordshire and sheriff of Kent, and I sat in the King's Privy Council at Westminster in company with the Duke of Bedford, Archbishop Chicheley, the Bishop of Durham, and other great lords. I was a great man in those days, though an unhappy one. But, my dear Alice, you need not talk of second marriages. You had a husband before you came to me.

Alice. Yes, but I never knew happiness till you married me. My first husband and my daughter Emma were both a trial to me. I brought you wealth and lands, John, and left them to you. You should have been content with them, and not have gone away courting Elizabeth Cheney.

Wilcotes. Yes, yes, I see it all now. I am thankful to have you, dear, by my side, and not that spiteful Elizabeth. Here we can look back on life, and see all our mistakes and follies and ambitions; but they all end here; and now you and I are happy together, and I am glad our dear daughter Elizabeth placed such a nice brass over our resting-place and told the world what a good dear kind lady you always were. *Matronis speculum, miseris dos, pacis amatrix.* I think her pious prayer has been granted *quorum animis Deus propitiatur, Amen.*

They continued whispering together, but a louder voice was calling at the other end of the church, not far from where I was sitting. Apparently there was no grave or memorial stone, but the voice came from beneath the pavement and cried:

'Lettice, Lettice.'

'Here I am, dear Lucius. I was rather late waking up to-night. I have been dreaming so sweetly, and I thought we were together in the arbour, and our sons Lucius and Henry were playing on the lawn, and all your tiresome Oxford friends had departed, and

we were alone. So wonderfully vivid was my dream that it seemed it must be true.'

I kept very still and hardly dared to breathe. This was the actual voice of the good Lady Lettice, Viscountess Falkland, and she was talking to her husband—'that incomparable young man,' as his friend Lord Clarendon called him—Lucius Carey, Viscount Falkland, one of my chiefest heroes in English history. I would not have missed this for the world. Presently his clear, rather shrill voice replied :

'I, too, often dream of that happy time, dear Lettice. I am afraid we used to be a fearful trouble to you, dear, I and those friends from Oxford, Dr. Sheldon, Dr. Morley, old Hammond, Earle, Chillingworth, and the rest of that band of learned scholars. We never knew how many were coming, or when they came, or when they left. You remember how they used to go to the library and to their rooms, and I never knew who was in the house till we all met at supper. And somehow my gentle wife used always to have enough food in the house for them to eat, and beds ready for them. It was wonderful how well you managed our strange and curious household. And then how bored you must have been to hear us talking !'

Lettice. I was never bored, Lucius. I used to try to understand all you learned people used to say about statecraft, religion, church and realm and other things. How wise you were !

Lucius. And so were you, sweet Lettice. I used to be so astonished at your clever questions, which not even Plummer could answer. If only he had listened . . .

Lettice. You mean the King.

Lucius. Yes, our poor King Charles ; but he was so obstinate, and the Queen was always telling him that he was right, instilling into his mind the theory of Divine Right to govern the kingdom wrongly. And yet I loved him.

Lettice. And you died for him at that fatal Newbury fight. Ah ! Lucius, my poor heart broke when Jack Delafield galloped home and brought the fatal news, and when your poor wounded body, riddled by rebel bullets, was borne to our village home and to this last resting-place.

Lucius. My poor Lettice ! And yet it was a glorious moment when I set my good horse to charge the hedge lined by the rascals. It was a moment to live for, and I felt no pain, save for the second when I thought of you and our fatherless lads. But it was good

to die thus for England. Our English folk are fighting now, I hear, for England, not in a fratricidal strife and civil war, but for freedom from a foreign yoke. God help them—God save England!

Lettice. Yes, God save England! Would that we had descendants now to fight for her, as you fought, my dear husband. But that is God's will, and as poor old Parson Duncan used to tell me—we must bow to the Divine Decree. But I am growing sleepy again. Good-night, my hero husband, good-night, and God save England!

The tender tones of the gentle voice of Lettice Falkland had scarcely died away when I heard another sweet voice that sounded from the chancel, where a wondrously beautiful lady sat enthroned on a table tomb in a semi-recumbent position, sculptured by Chantrey. Her arms and feet were bare and superbly modelled. A book rested on her lap, presumably the Bible. She had a beautiful face and hair arranged in Grecian fashion. The last rays of the declining sun shone upon her, and I discovered that she was the fair wife of Squire Boulton, the partner of Watt, of steam-engine fame. Her name was Mary Anne, and she died in 1825. Her character must have been equal to her beauty, as her record told:

Rare mental endowments,
Elegant attainments, amenity and grace
rendered her the delight and ornament of social life,
and in union with tender affections
endeared her to attached friends
and to a devoted family;
While with true piety her active benevolence
sought and consoled the afflicted,
bestowed instruction on the humble
and diffused around her comfort and happiness.

What a perfect creature she must have been! I think, however, that if any one erects a monument to my memory I should prefer to have inscribed the mediæval legend, *Cujus animæ Deus propitiatur, Amen.* The lady was speaking:

'My good people, I often listen to your conversation, which, though it lacks the politeness and sentimentality of my age, often interests me. I have no one to speak to here, and must, therefore, disturb your peaceful slumbers. You have all lived in dark ages before the power of steam was discovered which has wrought wonders in the world. Railway trains bear passengers all over the world. Trade and commerce flourish, and steam has made all

nations friendly to each other. Wars cease ; peace reigns everywhere. It is true that I hear some rumours of fighting going on at present ; but it is nothing. Steam is the great civiliser, as my husband used to say. People travel in all lands and form friendships which cannot be broken by silly quarrels. I lived in a golden age. Everything was perfect, like this beautiful figure of myself. I blush sometimes when visitors read my virtues recorded on this my monument, but that is a foolish weakness of mine, for which my husband used often to chide me. We were all good in my time, and when the Victorian age came, if it was not quite the Millennium, it nearly approached it. England attained its highest development. Poets and painters followed in the wake of steam, glorious steam, my good husband's invention and discovery.'

The self-satisfied lady ceased to pour forth her utterances, and then I seemed to hear the crash of mighty engines hammering out steel in mighty factories of devastating war-munitions, the roar of machinery, the swift rushing of thundering expresses bearing millions of fighting men into a great holocaust, the shriek of shells, the spat of bullets, the deadly rattle of machine-guns. I saw giant battleships with their crowds of gallant sailors sinking in the sea, holed by murderous under-water craft, the slave-driven gangs of deported peoples, the air thick with clouds of poisonous gas, of death-carrying instruments of war, the crash of those that fell, towns, villages, churches, burning, ruined ; the scent of horrible carnage was in the air ; the fields lay covered with countless bodies of the dead and dying. It was awful. The church seemed full of the despairing cries and shrieks of the victims of modern warfare. Demons howled and raged without. The very gargoyles, hideous, diabolical, seemed to come to life and extend their wings and mock and jeer. Is this the grand result of progressive civilisation ? Where is all the chivalry of war, fair fighting, nobility, and courage ? Well is it that Sir John Pratellis, Lord Falkland, and other brave knights of old, should be asleep in their graves. And then the awful night seemed to pass, and the first rays of the rising sun illumined the eastern window, and out of the darkness and the horror and the gloom the light shone on the figure of the Christ, betokening the rise of a better day, when the world, purified by suffering, should again bow before the King and own its allegiance to *Jesus hominum salvator*.

A MACEDONIAN PICTURE.

CAMP AND COUNTRY.

I WAKE on a slab of rock in a dug-out carved four-square out of a stony hill. The house was hewn for a brother officer by the picks of his platoon, whose every blow is notched upon the walls. He made himself snug with timbers from an empty Turkish village, and when his house was built the officer was sent elsewhere.

With the daylight and a cup of tea, enter Sidney, my 'servant-groom,' through the door where turbaned Suleiman went out and in. Sidney is a veteran of eighteen, with a kind smile and a cigarette. He serves two masters faithfully: waters the mare, and fills my bucket: feeds the mare, and fills my haversack *en route*. He is ever at hand, except, belike, on some cold evening, when his masters seek him together after a long ride, and he is with his fellow-servants floating homeward on a glass of rum. He is a discoverer, like all old soldiers, and when I return to the dug-out he has always added something—a door-scraper, a mat, or a pair of window curtains.

I lie awake till the rosy dawn, stepping over the snows, entice me; or, if the world be misty, till I am shamed by the sergeant's voice adjuring Number Three or Number Seven to 'Now then, out of it' and 'show a leg.'

I clench my toes in Turkish slippers, climb a steep slope, cast soap and towel on the roof, put both feet in a canvas bucket, sponge and swill by my own front door, and step on to a board outside my window. 'Tis the cat's tread and the stork's balance, and a mud-bath for the unwary.

Muddy too and slippery is the path to meals, and woe to the morning meditator, who will taste bruises before bread, and handle the soil before his porridge spoon.

Breakfast, like bath, is a problem—'How much can I eat before parade or the hour of starting?' So it is girded loins, and deeds not words, no concert of tongues, but a flourish of plates and jam tins. In this haste, too, there must be some heed: beware of cutting bread on the table, for it is frail and buttressed with a pole; and remember the seats are see-saws—when your neighbour rises you will be submerged.

Sidney holds my mare, who, as her girths are tightened, breathes and swells like a Yogi of Hindustan. I grasp her by the nose, she sneezes, and we haul her taut. Sarah is a bewildered, lazy infant, moved only by fear and greed. She will wander from the plainest

path, or slip on any stone, or fall into the most apparent pit. She meshes herself in wire and thicket, she will start at a tree-trunk or a donkey, or the white gleam of a bivouac, and treat her rider to a capless gallop. She has but two arts, breaking loose and running home. She stoops to eat grass when I am mounting, she stops to eat leaves when we are trotting. She has no comfort nor counsel in mischance. When we are faced with a trackless forest or a deep ravine, when the night is near and the ways doubtful, she declares for a hearty meal, and fines the perverse country a pound of twigs and a bushel of tufted grass.

She wanders forth, with a sigh for the stable or perhaps the field of maize, where she had plotted picnic and flirtation with a mule. Feeling the spur, she moves convulsively—like a legislator, with the *Daily Mail* pursuing—for some twenty paces, and if the pressure last, appoints a commission of sloth and fear, who compromise on a slow trot.

But now we must walk perforce, for the road winds deep in mud from the valley to the scornful hills. Its milestones are the truant ammunition box and the impotent muleteer, who tightens his pack with oaths, and shouts at Faintheart lying in the way, or Mutiny-standing square across it, or Insurrection rolling with his load.

Presently as we near the heights, Mahmoud shapes in the mist and a dialogue ensues.

MAHMOUD. Good morning, Mr. Officer.

OFFICER. It is forbidden here.

MAHMOUD. I know not, Effendi.

OFFICER. Thou knowest, and I know thou knowest. Fifteen times have I told it to men that I found here, and told it to the headman of the village, and I bade the Moukhtár tell it to all the people at the mosque on Friday :

‘No Turk nor Greek may come within two hours’ journey of our lines.’

What do you here ?

MAHMOUD. We cut wood, O Effendi, for the fire. We are poor men and strangers. Our children are five (*displaying the fingers of one hand*). We came from——

OFFICER. Where do you live now ?

MAHMOUD. At Lam-Elif, Effendi, but we come from yonder. We are strangers, fleeing before the Bulgars, who cut up our grandmother and——

OFFICER. Go back before me to the village.

MAHMOUD. It is well. I will take up my wood, and call my ass and come.

OFFICER. Leave thine ass and thy wood.

MAHMOUD. Effendi, I will call my ass and come.

OFFICER (*opening his Burberry and grasping his revolver*). Come quickly.

MAHMOUD. Effendi, I come, but mine ass will I call.

OFFICER. One word I say, three minutes I give thee. Wilt thou come ?

MAHMOUD. What word ? There are no three minutes. I will die, but without my ass I will not come.

OFFICER (*baffled and pondering*). Give me thine axe. This will I give to the headman. Three days shall he keep it from thee. Evil hast thou done, but I have pity on thee and on thine ass. [MAHMOUD (*sotto voce*). I have done well : I have five children.] Ill hast thou done. Go, and if thou come hither again, ill shall befall thee.

A little further, a tinkle of bells and a rustling in the bushes. A child is 'ehing' and 'ooshing' his goats homeward. 'Come,' I say, and he begins to describe such an arc as may meet my road in about five minutes. 'Hither,' I shout, and when at last he comes, I bid him hand his stick, wherewith I strike him once or twice, because mist and mud and disobedience vex the soul. He cries. I ask him his name and age. He is seven-year-old Memün—so he goes his way with a caution, and such fear in his childish heart as may last till the goats flood it again.

At the top of the hill I unlace the panting Sarah, throw her reins over a bush and prepare to rest. But lo ! on the next knoll is a floating tapestry of sheep with a dim bent figure in a blue cloak above them. I hail him with 'Yassak' [forbidden], and begin my angry tale : fifteen times have I told it, etcetera. 'No Turk nor Greek may come within two hours' journey of our lines.' Then I ask his name. 'Do you not know me, Mr. Officer ?' he says. 'I am Ahmed.' I remember with confusion that we talked long together in the headman's house, and shook each other by the hand at parting.

I say in effect, and in broken Turkish, 'Et tu, Ahmed,' and ride on with my axe to the village of Alif-Koi.

It is market-day. The hillock by the mosque has merchandise upon it. The melancholy Greek squats by his bag of rice or cayenne pepper, and the fair and fearful Bulgar girl tips out her tray of barley loaves without word or look, and hastens back to her father's

oven. Behind and above the Christian chafferers a handful of Turks nod gravely over their noon meat, while at their backs the slaughtered sheep are swinging. (O close and cunning allegory !) The muezzin has called and Macedonia sleeps.

At the approach of Mr. Officer all rise and salute. 'Sit down,' say I. 'Where is the headman ?' He is fetched, and I hand him the axe. 'Thou hast done well, Effendi,' he says. 'I will take ten piastres from that man.' So I try to believe our hests will henceforth be obeyed and asses will go down the hill no more, nor men come up with maize and pumpkins, or with wood for their five children.

From Alif-Koi to Beh-Koi British heads and Macedonian hands have made a road. A way of perdition, broad and fair at first, it runs by a potter's field, where the tiles are heaped and the tombs cluster. Yet there are strips of grass fit for a canter. Sarah's fat sides, beneath the spur, inflate, and with a snort she plunges forward, enriching the thorns with morsels of my putties, imperilling Selim's last resting-place and the future abodes of Ahmed and Ömër. The road narrows and Sarah drops into her pilgrim's gait. We come to a row of forsaken dug-outs, where a couple of Turks contend for our transport officer's truckle-bed. The canter has uncorked the rider's mirth and he begins to make a song, shouting aloud like a troubadour :

'When the war's over
We'll dance on the green.'

But the song languishes, for the road of perdition tapers to a slimy groove, sown with huge crystals, waiting to play geometry with Sarah's clumsy hoof. Howbeit she overtakes two plodding asses, and as their masters hail me tune and song are lost, and we plod on together. They are a rueful pair, and I name them Vinegar and Jaundice.

'Whither doth fate bear thee ?' Jaundice asks, rectifying his donkey with a smart blow on the starboard quarter. 'To Beh-Koi.' 'We pass that way,' says he, 'for we are of Dal-Chiflik.' 'Indeed,' quoth I, for the sake of words, 'I know the Moukhtâr—a very good man' [he had feasted me with succulent fried eggs]. 'A good man,' says Vinegar over his shoulder, 'till you know him.' 'Aye,' says old Jaundice, 'he is good with you : you are a stranger and may be caught. I am his fellow-villager and am not caught.' [I remembered that he rated his eggs and butter high.] And now, in an evil hour, stilling the voice that counselled silence, I

asked 'How is he not good?' 'He takes money,' says Jaundice, 'from the villagers.' Knowing inquiry to be vain, I still inquire. And the dull wight unfolds his tale. It is of tree-felling and forest laws: clear as noonday at first, dark as the forest as we come to details—how much the Greek gendarmes of Lam-Koi had fined the Moukhtâr, how much the Moukhtâr had raised from the offenders. Different sums of course, and hence the grievance. So I walked on, knowing how our vain words dishonoured the sweet noon. They circled round me with their beasts, like ships of the line overtaking a lame frigate, with broadsides of arithmetic and a raking fire of Turkish currency. So I fix a day for the witnesses to come before the 'great officer' at Alif-Koi and bedevil his Greek interpreter with Turkish pounds and medjidiehs, and beshliks and piastres.

In Beh-Koi, as in all our villages, there are the 'Burali' or 'men of here,' and the 'Muhajîr' or sojourners (Greek refugees from Asia Minor; Bulgars, Roumanians, or Turks from the villages near the Allies' front which we have cleared.)

We enter the village, and behold the Hodja of the Turkish Muhajîr. From the rocky ledge under the mosque above our path he rises, with his handful of co-exiles, before whom belike he had been praising Allah, and gives me a grave welcome. As I dismount he comes towards me—old, serene, and haggard. 'Are you well?' I ask. 'Well.' 'But you are thin.' 'We are poor,' he answers. 'And your voice is hoarse.' 'We are old,' he says, with the same indulgent smile. 'We will meet in the coffee-house,' say I. 'We go not thither,' says he. I urge him to drink tea with me, and he promises to come when he has spoken to his people.

Now Sarah walks content: we have turned the corner of want, and come suddenly on the coffee-shop and the barber's table, four well-covered merchants with fat bags before them and a dozen village worthies, tall and tranquil as the pillars of Islam. They sigh ecstatically, as if Mohammed and his camel came among them. 'Well met, Effendi. In a good hour art thou come.' And lo! the Moukhtâr himself, red-nosed and jubilant, lays hand upon the rein.

Sarah goes to the almond-tree as a king's bride to the throne. Ahmed and Jelil precede, Ali and Moustafa, Hassan and Gegg Hassan walk by her, Mejnoun and Ekmekji Mejnoun come after, and her ritual is performed. Her girth is loosened, her bridle taken off, her headrope fastened to the tree. She paws the ground and snorts till her nosebag is put on. She tosses it in the air to get the oats uppermost, and the people shout with joy. 'A good horse,' quoth one. 'The English horses are strong.' The little children

gaze at her legs with awe ; the big ones pat her with admiration, and a grave voice exclaims ' That also is a life, and calls for food.'

The Moukhtár hangs her bridle over his arm, and we enter the coffee-shop together. He softly commands two glasses of Linden tea ; which are dispensed by the nimble hands of an octoroon, whose face, like his coffee, is pale and plump. He is rated a man of the world in Beh-Koi, having dangled at the skirts of the Mediterranean in his infancy, and in his boyhood learnt from an Egyptian mother the names of the ports where he put in.

An old man gives me place on the only chair, and my errand is soon told, my stage army of nouns, with a few outlawed verbs, deserters from the grammar, hounding them on like Prussian sergeants, till my soul is weary of the Turkish tongue. Craving silence and currant cakes, I am minded to lunch in the Rumanian grocer's shop. *En route* the Turkish grocer stops Mr. —, a bell-faced man from Blatova, a village now in ' No man's land.' ' Who is in Blatova ?' he asks. ' We are.' ' Have you advanced, and may we go back thither ?' ' Not yet,' said I ; buy a packet of the worst cigarettes in Macedonia and escape.

The Rumanian grocer is away, but his fellow-countrymen, Athanasios the cowherd, and his counsellor Venizelos, having a heifer to sell in Beh-Koi, had opened their friend's shop for comfort and debate. Venizelos is a small, keen, confidential man, wearing a cap and braces ; which are a sign and mean : ' I am a friend of progress, Mr. Officer, and of yourself. We meet among rough people, but we *understand*.' He is a professional Fairy Godmother, bestowing on the doubtful and despondent his great gift of words. He is called after the ' Café Venizelos,' which he kept in a frontier township. So he lost his work and wealth, but won a name.

Athanasios hands me a glass of fire-water, which I refuse and Venizelos drinks. I ask for bread and cheese, and Athanasios unrolls a handkerchief with half a wheaten loaf, which he bought at the fair at ' Ayo Giorgi,' goes out, and returns presently with cheese, which he had from the Moukhtár, who presently appears with the Turkish grocer behind him. They greet the Rumanians and sit down. ' Who is in Stamboul ?' says the Moukhtár. ' The Turks,' say I. Venizelos tips his chair towards me, and says in Greek [which is the second mother-tongue of all Rumanians], ' Aha, you are very clever !' ' How so ?' ' You are very clever and very strong, you English. Why don't you take Stamboul ? Why don't you take Sofia ? Because you *don't want to*.' ' Moukhtár Effendi,' I say, ' you have some words of Greek' [some eight or nine,

for a Turk no mean possession]. 'Aye,' says the delighted man; 'they come, they call for water and eggs and bread, so that step by step we learn, we learn. The more languages a man knows the better. [The Turk reveres all knowledge, but loves none.] 'Aye, aye,' says Athanasios, 'they learn. By-and-by we shall teach them everything.' 'Art thou a teacher?' I ask. Venizelos smites his neighbour on the knee, the Turks divine the jest, and a torrent of laughter sweeps upon Athanasios the cowherd.

The two Rumanians rise to visit their heifer, and the Turks to eat their midday meal. I hope for solitude, but behold the grocer himself appears. He invites me to beer, mastic, and brandy. I ask for one of his currant cakes [which his friends could not find]. He dives through a trap-door for the box and unpacks half a dozen on the counter. I take two and some cigarettes. 'Whence come you?' he asks. 'From Üzündi.' 'Shall we not have a canteen there?' he pleads. 'Impossible,' say I. 'No Macedonian may come within three miles of our front. The Sirdar himself hath said it, and even our general cannot change it.' 'I know not how,' says the grocer, 'but one man prospers and another pines. I open shop at Popota, and immediately the soldiers move, and I am left with a case of chocolate and all this beer.'

'Drink it yourself,' says Athanasios with a great guffaw. All rise anew. The grocer escorts them out, shuts the door fast, and leans over the counter at me. 'See, we are alone; there is but you and I.' 'Go on,' I say. He leans nearer and says in a stage whisper, 'Give me the canteen and we go halves.' 'Thou art unlucky,' say I. 'Thy words are evil. We English do our duty and ask no gifts. Would I could do this thing for thee, but even the general cannot. Here is thy money, and God prosper thee.'

At the almond-tree Sarah still meditates and munches, knowing she need not stir till her meal is done. I enter the coffee-house, and half the village follows, making an amphitheatre round me, one circle cross-legged on the mat, another dimly discerned on the divans behind. A sanguine lad, with a red turban, fez, and girdle, who has followed his work afoot, making roads for English wages, enquires 'How long it takes to walk to England?' The Moukhtâr would know if all Englishmen are rich, and a deep voice from yonder sallow warrior, whose limbs are deftly coiled among the shadows asks 'What is your monthly pay?' 'There is news to-day,' I tell them; 'Monastir has fallen.' A pause, and a blue-vested Imâm exclaims 'Praise be to Allah! The sooner will the war end and we go home.' 'Imâm Effendi,' I said, 'behold the powders

for thy bleary eyes. And [recalling the M.O.'s orders] a glass of water to each.' 'Shall I drink them now?' he asks. 'By no means drink them,' I answer, 'but bathe thine eyes three times a day.'

'Beg pardon, sir,' says a khaki-covered head stuck through the window, 'I have got the eggs, and am ready to go.' This is Trumper, our company orderly, who fetches eggs from Beh-Koi every three days for his officers under a covenant with the Moukhtár. His words are few, but his fingers cunning. Arriving on his mule, he says 'Moukhtár.' The Moukhtár is fetched. Says Trumper 'Yumurtá' [Turkish for eggs]. If the tale is short, he points at the basket, saying 'What do you call that?' and flaunts the deficit in the Moukhtár's face with outspread fingers. If some are broken, he says 'No good, Johnnie,' and tosses them on the cobblestones. And before going he jerks his right forefinger towards the future, and on his left hand shows three fingers. 'Back in three days, see? And mind you 'ave those eggs correct.' Once Trumper was ordered to tell the Moukhtár that an officer would arrive at dusk and pass the night with him. He swung his palm towards the Moukhtár, saying 'You shut up and look at me.' He saluted, and threw his right skyward to denote superior rank. He held his left hand downwards, mounting it on two forked fingers, which he jogged as far as the Moukhtár's red nose [signifying a ride], while his right forefinger followed the sun to bed. Last of all he cast up his chin and closed his eyes [figuring night and sleep].

Trumper accepts a cigarette, and mounts his mule. The blue-vested Imám, who has stolen away, returns, and spreads out seven eggs before me. 'My brother,' say I, 'we have eggs enough. I buy no more.' 'But they are a gift,' says he. 'Didst thou not give me the powders?' 'Nay, friend, without money I had them; without money I give them thee again. Forgive me, but I cannot take thy gift. And now, Allah knoweth whether it shall be well with thee, but if so, thank our physician and not me. And now must I begone.'

The Imám sighs and gathers the eggs into his girdle: the rest go out with me to apparel Sarah. They will hardly let me help; so I stand by, lest, after their wont, they girth her the wrong side, or twist her bridle, or half-throttle her with the headrope. With the throng of watchers and counsellors, a little apart, walks the poor Hodja of the Muhajír. He has sat in the coffee-house unseen. I ask pardon, and charge the octoroon to give him tea to celebrate the fall of Monastir.

And now the Imám is thrusting his eggs into my saddle-bags.

'I will not have them,' I say, 'and besides they will break.' 'So they will,' says he, laying them in my haversack with a handkerchief. I am ashamed to take the eggs, I do not want them, and feel sure they will break, but there is no denying the Imám, and a voice bids me take them. So a British officer accepts backsheesh.

'Come back soon,' says the Moukhtár, 'and be my guest. We will look to thee and to thy horse.' 'Be you pledges of Allah,' I reply. 'We send thee forth in peace,' they answer, and Sarah sets off home, with a faint spring in her fatalistic hock, as who should say 'I go towards the stable.'

We pass again by the 'way of perdition' to Alif-Koi: the mist returns, and a sad song floats into my head. The nations are comforting Rumania.

'Sister, my sister, thy jewels are stolen,

Sister, my sister, thy gay dress is gone:

Since for thy shepherd-boys black eyes are swollen,

We will remember thee while we fight on.'

The song dies, and we stand at the top of the hills above No Man's Land, before a descent so steep that Sarah must needs trot or slide. I run before her, rein in hand, over holes and logs and bridges, giving her no rest till she is down the slope and panting at me, little pleased to have been lured to swiftness. Here is Trumper, leading his mule, and bearing a nosebag as a man might bear a sacred urn. His face is raw.

'I have had an accident,' he says. 'As I came past the well there was a woman in a red shawl. You know how they run when they see a man, as if you were going to eat them. Well, she ran right across the road, and the mule shied and threw me down the well. I saved all the eggs I could, but some are broken, and I hope the captain will look over it.'

'Open your bag,' say I, 'and pick out the broken eggs.' The Imám's seven are soon nestling in the straw with the Moukhtár's.

Sarah, being near home, trots on. 'This mule, sir,' says Trumper, 'is as quiet as a mouse, the transport-sergeant said when he gave him to me. But he won't let me get on him, anyhow.'

So we leave Trumper behind, a good man justified, in that he preferred his captain's nosebag to his own nose; and Sarah and I reach camp in time to take our places at the water-trough and the tea-table.

A. E. F.

TWO NOTABLE SPANISH NOVELS.

BY SIR GEORGE DOUGLAS, BART.

It is not necessary to go back as far as Smollett's version of 'Don Quixote,' or the attempt to naturalise the adjective 'Cervantic' in our language, in order to find plenty of evidence that Spanish was at one time a favourite study among English men of letters. It is well known, for example, that Southey was not merely an ardent admirer of the Spaniards, but a good Spanish scholar—one who compiled his 'Chronicles of the Cid' from various original sources, and whose works are liberally illustrated by quotations from Spanish authors. Then Carlyle, in one of his letters, speaks of being half-way through 'Don Quixote' in the original (he and his wife are reading it together), and incidentally applies to the Castilian idiom the felicitous descriptive phrase of 'rich in blandishment.' Well had it been for that great writer's present reputation had he sacrificed his 'Life of Frederick called the Great' to follow up the idea he at one time entertained of writing on the Cid! Lockhart adapted Spanish ballads with considerable success; while such was the brilliance of Edward FitzGerald's renderings of Calderon that it has led to doubts of their exactness. There is no need to multiply examples. Enough that, to those of us who would cherish the relations of Spain and Great Britain, the state of things I have indicated is very pleasant to look back on. Alas, that, for a time at least, it should have come to an end! But so it was. Coleridge's 'Wallenstein' (1800), followed by Shelley's impressionistic versions of the 'Prologue in Heaven' and the 'May-day Night,' led the way to a revolution of taste among English students of foreign literatures. Carlyle's 'Life of Schiller' and Connop Thirlwall's translations from Tieck, both published in 1825, helped on the movement, which thenceforward became so rapid that, by 1838, Abraham Hayward, prefacing a Third Edition of his own translation of Goethe's 'Faust,' is able to refer to seven or eight English translations of that masterpiece as having appeared within five or six years. In such fashion were Spanish studies supplanted by German in our midst. From the middle of the nineteenth century, few or no young Englishmen applied themselves to Spanish for literary purposes; and though it is true that

recent years have shown us such distinguished authorities on Spanish letters as Mr. Fitzmaurice Kelly and the late Major Martin Hume, it is no less true that these gentlemen and their fellow-students might be told off on the fingers of one hand. In plain terms, the study of Spanish literature, once so fruitfully pursued among us, has for many years past almost ceased; and what tends to make this the more remarkable is that, during that period, there has been awakened an eager interest in the fine art of the Peninsula. Thus it has come about that, whilst enthusiastically appreciating Velasquez, Goya, and El Greco, not to speak of many more modern masters of painting, we have been systematically turning our backs on Zorrilla and Nuñez de Arce, Campoamor and Echegaray.

Well, at last the time would seem to have arrived for ending this anomalous and not too creditable state of matters. It is safe to announce a slump in all things German, and at the same time it is apparent that the auspices here are favourable to Spain. The study of Spanish, for example, is at last receiving due academic recognition, nor are signs wanting that Spanish music is about to follow Spanish painting into favour. What one would like to see next would be the opening of the London theatre where a play of Echegaray's was recently performed to the work of the brothers Alvarez Quintero. In the meantime, let us avail ourselves of the flowing tide, and, if so may be, help to swell it, by directing attention to two recent Spanish novels, which are not merely remarkable in themselves, but eminently racy of the soil from whence they spring and powerfully contrasted.

If we accept the naturalistic canon that a novel should represent a section of life illustrated by the doings of a group of typical characters, then we must admit that a Spanish novelist could scarcely have hit upon a better subject than that of the 'Sangre y Arena' ('Blood and Sand') of Vicente Blasco Ibáñez. For this novel deals with the bull-ring, which to the average Spaniard means as much as horse-racing and football rolled into one might mean to the average Briton. And let me say at once that, judged as a conspectus of bull-fighter life, 'Sangre y Arena' could scarcely be surpassed. It exhibits bull-fighting in its true proportions and relation to the national life, as a great institution, claiming, engrossing, shaping the lives of thousands, and to which thousands owe the colour, joy, and interest of existence.

The skill with which Señor Ibáñez strikes his key-note reminds us of Alphonse Daudet. It is noon on the opening day of the bull-

fighting season, and the *torero*, Juan Gallardo, is ill at ease. For, like many another servant of the public, it is only when face to face with his audience that he has full command of himself. An hour hence his coolness and courage will be perfect, but in the meantime he is nervous and sits on thorns, and any trifle suffices to upset him. A few deft touches create for us the atmosphere in which he lives. If he is the demi-god of the multitude, he has to pay a heavy price for that distinction—to be at the beck and call of all and sundry, to respond to every man's advances, to welcome to his intimacy those whose very names he has forgotten. But El Gallardo is a good-natured fellow, who takes these things as they come. One by one, his associates and dependents are introduced. There is 'Garabato,' the *torero manqué*, his body-servant—driest of men, most niggardly of praise, and yet most faithful; Doctor Ruiz, who specialises in the casualties of the arena, and labours less for profit than from love; Sebastian, the *banderillero*, whose heart is in revolution; Potaje, the *picador*; the Marquess of Moraima, a grand old patron of the sport, and a score of other characters who live for bull-fighting or hang upon its fringe, not forgetting impostor *toreros*, and the foreign governesses who lose their hearts to bull-fighters, or the exquisitely grave burlesque of the School of Bull-fighting. Into the details of the great man's professional toilet, Señor Ibáñez enters with inimitable irony, which spares us no minutiae. For here, to him who rightly understands, there is nothing unimportant! The Gallardo is a self-made man; one who, starting as a street-boy, has set success before him as a goal, and dared and suffered all things to attain it. Hence his method is novel and daring rather than traditional, though, needless to say, it loses nothing in popular favour upon that account. When the story opens, he has already reached the top of the tree, is making and spending somewhere about £15,000 a year, and is eligible for election to the smartest club in Seville. The key-note of romance is introduced by a delicately perfumed note which Gallardo treasures. Alas! if it is romance at all, it is of a very shallow kind. For though the scene is Andalucia, that chosen home of passion in the poets, the interest now awakened by Gallardo is less that of sentiment than of curiosity, the sequel being experimental rather than passionate. The writer of the note is Doña Sol, the widowed niece of the Marquess of Moraima, a golden-haired beauty still under thirty. As wife of an elderly Ambassador, she has had cosmopolitan experience, and is determined to live

her life. Suffice it to say that her methods lose nothing by want of directness. Gallardo, on his part, though happily married, proves a very easy prey, and when the time comes for her to desert him, as sooner or later it was bound to do, one feels just about as much sympathy for him as for some greedy child from whom a dainty dish has been carried off. 'Naturalistic' the record of this liaison may be, but it is not possible to feel much interest in it. Neither the character nor the course of the love here depicted justifies that. This, however, is by a long way the least admirable part of the book, which has only to leave philandering and turn to the painting of out-door scenes to awaken our enthusiasm. Among these the bull-ring scenes, of course, take precedence, but they stand by no means alone. Indeed, for sheer beauty of local colour, the charming scene of the *novillos*, or trial of young bulls, would be difficult to beat; as would that of the religious masquerade which still finds a place in the Holy Week celebrations at Seville; or, again, the visit of the bandit, Plumitas, to Gallardo's farm. These transport the reader straight into the heart of Andalucía. The cool audacity ascribed to Plumitas might indeed well stagger belief, did one fail to remember that, only a quarter of a century ago, a similar miscreant, known as Melgires, made the neighbouring region ring with his Robin-Hood-like exploits; whilst, not many years earlier, two peaceable citizens of Gibraltar were forcibly seized when on an afternoon ride, and carried off and held to ransom. For breadth and animation of style in the painting of such scenes as these, Señor Ibáñez has no rival. I have already likened him to Daudet. Well, as a scene-painter he is Daudet's equal, though with a broader and freer touch; whilst, though his field of observation is much narrower, his sense of local colour and of atmosphere is scarcely inferior to that of Daudet's disciple, Loti. It is on the moral, not the artistic side that he fails to satisfy a northern reader. For let the pageant of life be as brave as it may, it alone is powerless to suffice us. We demand a moral conflict, a struggle of some sort. But the struggle here, if we except the introductory chapter, is exclusively with bulls. And thus it happens that the boy Juanillo, overcoming difficulties in pursuit of his ambition, is in reality a much more interesting figure than the full-fledged *torero*, who has the ball at his feet and takes life as it comes. Yet, when Nemesis overtakes him, we are conscious of a tragedy. He has accustomed his public to look to him for *coups d'audace*; and so, when he loses his nerve after an accident, it is his own past prowess that rises

up against him, and the audience which has most admired him which now hisses loudest. But, having once known triumph, how shall he retire into private life? To do this is beyond him, and he takes the consequences. . . . In conclusion, 'Sangre y Arena' sounds no depths of human character. The qualities in which it most excels are those of painting rather than of poetry, but in these it takes a very high place. Incidentally, also, it deserves commendation for directing attention to the cruel sufferings inflicted upon horses in the bull-ring, both before and behind the scenes.

If 'Blood and Sand' lack moral significance, the same charge cannot certainly be brought against 'El Amor de los Amores,' a novel which reveals a very different side of Spanish character. For, if Ibáñez be a realist of the school of Zola, Ricardo León is a poet, and, upon his own showing, a reactionary in the nobler sense—one, that is, who turns back to a bygone age for the inspiration which has failed him in his own. It is to the Golden Century of Spain's history, its Age of Faith and Chivalry, that Señor León chooses to hark back, and the aim of his book is to revive the motives of those times in an age of doubt and of materialism. It is a lofty aspiration,—nothing less, in fact, than a reincarnation of saintliness combined with the finer essence of that Quixotism which the author loves. Let us see how his object is accomplished.

The story opens as an idyll. In an out-of-the-way district of Castille, Pelayo Crespo divides the evening of his days between the culture of a garden and the education of his daughter, Isabel, a charming girl now on the verge of womanhood. Pelayo's early life has been disturbed by troubles of his own making, but peace has come to him through natural toil and intercourse with a friend. This friend, to whom he owes so much, both morally and materially, is Fernando Villalaz, a gentleman of good estate and ancient lineage, still in the prime of life, but who has become blind by a sudden visitation. Far from sitting down to bewail his lot, however, he has set himself to make the most of life under its new conditions. In making others happy, he finds happiness for himself, and thus evolves a philosophy of consolation for the blind. The wife of Villalaz is Juana Flores, a woman of great beauty, to whom he is devoted, and with whom for a time he lives happily, notwithstanding her essential inferiority. But by degrees the incompatibility of their natures becomes evident. Juana is niggardly, and resents her

husband's acts of benevolence. Her conversation is a mine of third-hand wisdom, and she hankers after town life. His forbearance is, however, inexhaustible. At this juncture a new actor comes on the scene in the person of Felipe Crespo, Pelayo's long-lost prodigal. Felipe has been by turns poet, journalist, and anarchist, has sunk to the depths of wretchedness and crime, and is now reduced to throwing himself on the goodness of the man who has already befriended and redeemed old Crespo. Villalaz lends an ear to his story, and appoints him his amanuensis, very much to Doña Juana's displeasure. But by dint of assiduous attention, Felipe overcomes her prejudice. The wedding of Isabel to a young gardener who assists her father gives occasion for a pleasing description of old Castilian marriage-customs, and from that point onward the story loses its idyllic character. A baptism follows the wedding, for, to the joy of Villalaz, his wife has at last given birth to a child. And it is not until now that we are made clearly aware of something unusual in Fernando's constitution. Noble in conduct, large-hearted and high-minded as he is, there is about him a touch of the hectic or neurotic, made manifest in the hearing of supernatural voices, and the seeing of visions similar to those of Santa Teresa and Ignatius Loyola. His doctor, a materialist, assigns these symptoms to hereditary epilepsy. Whilst praying with great fervour in his oratory, Fernando has his sight restored as unexpectedly as it had been taken away. His humble neighbours regard this as a miracle vouchsafed to his saintliness. Yet from this moment his happiness fails. For the world upon which his eyes have opened is not that on which they had closed. His life has changed, and signs and hints make it apparent that there is something wrong in his *entourage*. Then, upon a night of storm, comes discovery of the guilty passion of Juana and Felipe, who decamp. The babe, which is Felipe's, dies, and even Pelayo, with his daughter and her husband, are driven by shame to desert their benefactor. But it is out of the ruin of his life that Fernando rises to his full moral stature. Having changed his name and parted with all property, he goes out into the highways as a self-appointed minister of Christ. He meets with various adventures, talks with strangers by the way, is reviled, imprisoned, persecuted; wanders, as Quixote did before him, through the ancient province of La Mancha; isolates himself in the wilderness for prayer and fasting. One trial alone is spared him, but that the greatest—his faith never fails him. It says much for the author's sincerity and enthusiasm for

his subject that he succeeds in making this section of his book the most moving of all. Fernando's mission is a great success. Whilst himself rising to the heights of spirituality, he is the means of winning many souls to Christ. Meantime his wife has died, repentant and rejected by her paramour, which sets him free to enrol himself in the Franciscan Order. As Brother Francisco de Jesus, he is about to set sail to join the Indian Mission, when he is summoned to the death-bed of a leper. This is the man who has so greatly wronged him. In the scene which follows, physical horror is wrought up with spiritual beauty in a manner truly Spanish. Indeed the incident is manifestly suggested by an episode in the Cid's life. Thus is the twentieth-century reader invited to walk in the footprints of him of the eleventh century. Certain northern critics will possibly find this scene too strong for their taste. At the worst, it provides an effective climax to a remarkable story.

There are novels which demand to be judged by their teaching, as others are by their art. 'El Amor de los Amores' is of the former class. For though Señor León writes well, if scarcely with the mastery of the author of 'Sangre y Arena,' yet in him the evangelist rises far above the artist. It were ungenerous to dismiss his book as a mere impassioned pleading with History to 'bring back the mastodon.' For it is clear that in his view the spirit of the Golden Century of Spain, her age of Faith and Chivalry, may be at least in part revived. And yet he seems to 'hedge.' For by choosing an epileptic for his hero, has he not conceded something to those who would find in every career of wholesale self-devotion its part of Quixotism or doubtful sanity?

MARY OF THE WINDS.

A story told by an Irish fisherman by a turf fire on a winter's night in a cabin amongst the Kerry hills.

BY ENEDEEN.

'Tis a queer tale and a sad one, the tale of the little cabin of the cross roads. Standing to this day it is empty but for the winds, high up on the side of the tallest mountain of the range, adjacent to the steep road of the Windy Gap, the pass of many hills.

It happened, so they say, in years that are gone. 'Twas on a still day when summer, maybe, was weary of the heat, and the winds of the hills were after resting, or maybe sleeping, for two days or three.

Mary, Herself of the cabin, was sitting on a seat, the length of a hand and that not a big one, from her door. It was an easiness indeed for travellers, that seat of wood, for destroyed at times were their feet by the hard steep road of the great climb of the mountain side. Sitting there on high was the creature for the space of a while, when a stranger she saw mounting towards her from the Black Valley below, and he with the stride of a powerful man. Lean was he, no hat on his head did he wear, dark was his face and darker his hair; on his back over his coat, the like of a cape, hung a small harp, not of wood, but of silver, and the strings of that harp, Saints of God! were of gold.

Down sat he on the grass facing Herself, and the stir of his limbs were as silent that day as the hush of the winds. No look did he give her, but swinging the small harp from his back, he began striking its cords; and the call of that harp was as the voice of a living thing tearing laughter and tears from the hearts of all men. The way of his hands had the cunning of this world, and maybe, God help us! of another, telling I'm thinking, and not lying I am, of all that is great, singing of all that is distant from cabins on high mountains, within the sweep of the winds of the sea. The soul of Mary he struck that day, and that without minding her at all. Bent down was his head, and at times the softness of his skill was as the wind in the wings of sea birds flying over the bog. In each note came a call and a pain, and at times, God deliver us! the far sound of running feet, fleeing fast to a

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country beyond or below. Looking towards him, sat Mary of the Windy Gap, and a great wonder it was that was filling her heart. Listening was she to the strange tune of the tales flowing from the silver harp with the strings of gold, and she without knowing that the grey clouds above were putting a shadow on Herself and the hills. No heed gave she to the whispers of the wind, that were after striving, the friends, to protect her from the harm of the world.

'Stop, Stranger from the Black Valley, stop, Traveller with the silver harp and the golden cords,' after a while cries she, and the cry was the cry of her heart. 'Tell me entirely how I can get all the silver, all the gold, all the grand wonders, all the easiness the way your harp is after singing through the golden strings, through myself and the winds.'

But not stopping was he, and his fingers ran over the cords of gold, and they sang on as fast and as low as a small running stream. Then sudden she heard his voice above the message of the song.

'Is it wearying you are, Mary of the Winds, for the silver and the gold of the great world entirely?'

'It is,' says she, 'tis a great longing I have in my heart for the world beyond the Windy Gap, away from the hardship of the small black cabin, away from the great rains that destroy us by night and by day; 'tis much gold I would be having, as much as would fill the Black Valley below, in much easiness would I be, for I am weary and hungry at times, Great Traveller with the harp of the Silver Song.'

'What would you give for all the harp tells?' says he.

'All I have in the world,' says she, 'for little enough is mine.'

'Will you make it your soul, Mary?' and the song of the harp stopped for the space of a sigh.

'It's a great price,' returned she.

'Maybe,' says he, 'but 'tis great things you are asking; you have a great longing entirely, Mary of the Small Cabin, 'tis stretched dead you'll be before the next harvest moon rises over the hill, destroyed, 'tis true to you, by the white mist rising around you in the long lone silence of the winter. And the great storms travelling from the tides of the sea will bring to yourself all the tears, all the hardships, all the sorrows of the world.'

'Tis not afraid of the winds I am, for comrades we have been,' says she.

'The holes in the thatch let in great rains. Have you the turf drawn for the winter, Mary of the Windy Comrades?' says he.

'I have not, Traveller.'

'Would you be giving me your soul, Mary,' said the traveller again, and the harp sang soft; 'would you be giving it to me for ten years, or maybe five?'

'Would you take it, Stranger of the distant songs, from this day of warm sun until next Shrove and no other?'

Silent he was for a short time or more bending over the silver harp, wild and fierce came its song, for struggling were the golden strings to get free from the pain of the tale of the world; and the high winds, the comrades of the Gap, rose from the quiet of the still heat, wandering around and calling softly to her this way and that. Was it not, for sure, a great care the winds had always for herself, rushing in past winters over and above the little cabin when the storm was wild and loud, and that without touching or hurting her at all!

'Tis done,' he says, 'Mary, 'tis done; your soul now is mine from this day until next Shrove,' and far down the Black Valley looks he.

'Where shall I be finding you, Giver of Great Gifts, on next Shrove?' says she.

'By the Whispering Rock, at the cross roads of the bog convenient to the track, which leads down by grey boulders to the deep lake of the Black Valley. Travelling now I must be, for many souls I must find this day and all others.'

'Is it travelling away you are, Stranger of the Windy Song, leaving me afeard without the weight on myself of a soul at all? Stay awhile, I say, for hearing the song of your harp I would be, by day and by night, each day of each year.'

But the Stranger rose, looking from her and never heeding her at all, and away he walked without answer to Mary, with the long strides of a climber of steep places into the shadows of the valleys of the silent hills.

Coming home late, the same evening of that same day, was Himself of the cabin of the Windy Gap, walking the road with the help of his stick, and that a big one. There he meets a side-car, and itself the grandest side-car that ever was seen. A tall grey horse it had to its shafts, going fine and strong with the speed of a blood horse, striding for sure, as a winner of a grand race and he with many men to beat. Off the road leaped Himself to be clear of the grey with the speed of the wind.

'Sure,' he says, 'possessed it must be, for Devil such a run has the legs of a horse or a mare in this country, or in any country at all.'

But destroyed he was then, with the like of the force of a big stroke on the crown of the head, for what did he see sitting and driving from the cushions of silk with fine reins of new leather in the grip of her hands, but Mary, the wife of Himself. A sight of a woman, laughing entirely too loud and too long. She saw him, sure enough, by the side of the road, with a scare on his face, but she was neither stopping nor staying that day.

'Gold, silver, easiness,' she shouted to the decent poor fellow, but the gallop of the great horse was entirely too great for Himself to be hearing her voice speaking or understanding at all.

'A wonder it is,' he said, 'for my reason to be leaving me so this fine day on the road! Faith, my eyes have me deceived; and which way am I dreaming at all?'

Giving under him were his legs for the wonder destroying him, no easy business did he find it to climb the steep cross road to the small cabin, and lonesome was he that night with the two children by the empty silence of the fire, for a great fright and a wonder indeed lay in the hearts of the three. But measuring many miles of the journey was the wild side-car, spinning and scattering down hill and up, without a fear or a slip.

After a while she came into a great town, and then with a leap and twist of his back, begorra! the grey horse landed her in a crowd and a street. Back then she looked, and a queer thing it was, that not a mark or the trace of a horse and side-car did she find that day or any other. Wasn't it a queer thing too, for Mary of the Gap to be standing in a street of grand sights, with her pockets filled with the brightest gold money that ever were seen, and she having pockets the size of a sack!

'Tis good, she thought, and pride lay heavy upon her. Faith! I will buy the world and the contents of the town. An ass and cart for sure, a fine slate house, with easiness within and cows, sheep and hens without, and they too many to count and all fit for the grand of the land!

She was wild and light, with a step as a run; for wasn't she without the weight of a soul on her at all, like some running wild creature of the green woods of the hills? Great happiness she thought she had, but 'twas also a great uneasiness lay about and around her, and a queer sound too arose in the ring of her fine talk and her laugh.

'What ails the creature?' said the crowd as she passed, and

they turned away from her in some wonder and dread. Calling to them, was she.

'I am rich and easy, and living in a great house I will be with all the gold that the silver harp can bring. I'm telling no lie this day, women of the crowds.'

'Begone, whisht!' they would say, 'is your mind clouded? Go from us and our children, take your gold and your stories of gold, lest, God help us! they should draw down sorrow or worse on us. What wildness is it on you, and what dread have you hanging in your eyes? 'Tis fearsome pictures we're after seeing there.'

She was laughing again, but this time her laugh had the sound of a troubled cry.

'What ails you?' said the men of the fair. 'What ails you, woman of the mad strange ways? Are you fooling us, or is it from the country of the lost you have wandered away? Whisht! keep yourself away this day and all others.'

Putting shame on her, the creature, they were this way and that, and not one pound of her gold would they look at or touch. In sore trouble entirely was she then, for not a word would any creature of the crowd speak or whisper to Mary of the Windy Gap, not a score of words out of the longest day was spoken to Mary of the Lost Soul, not a sup or a bite was she given, not the warmth of a bed or the shelter of a roof or the smallest sup of milk at all, and that, Saints of God! with the gold of the world that was filling her pockets, and they the size of a sack! Running and crying too were the children, afraid were they of the sight of her and of her loud talk of the wonders of the world, shutting their doors against her were some women and maybe all.

Heavy then grew the heart of Mary of the Hill. Small wonder indeed. Wandering from the town to the country, sick and sorry was she, eating wild fruit of the trees and drinking water of the streams of the hill, straying and sorrowing, going the roads and hills east and west with her feet bleeding on her, and she with the pictures of great sufferings hanging now in her eyes. She was thankful at times to sleep by night in the sweet deep heather under a star or maybe two, by the bank of the great running river of the west. She was dreaming then, the creature, of the little cabin by the steep road of the Windy Gap, of Himself, and the feel of small children's hands were in her own; the dream was good, but not long did it last.

'Tis moving I must be; I will go back,' thought she, 'for the

call of Himself and the children lies both sides of my head. The gold will be welcome, but I am weak and swamped with the weight of my load—half will be enough for Himself and myself.'

She took the money then, and threw it into a small black lake lying clear and deep by the green grass. But filling always again, with pounds round and bright, were her pockets, and they the size of a sack. Long hours did she try, and destroyed indeed were her arms at the fall of the night, and the gold still sticking and staying to her all the while of the day. She was hard set entirely, the creature, and great weariness destroyed her.

Shining bright as the rays of the sun was the clear lake she left, gleaming through dark waters were golden pounds, and to this day—'tis no lie I'm telling—'tis called the Pool of the Golden Curse, for never a fish or a small bird at all thrives there, and never a poor soul would search there for riches winter or summer. Heavy then with the shining pounds that were naught but a curse, seeking the cabin, she was distraught with a great ache in her heart and her limbs. Hunger and thirst, the thin cold winds, the heavy storms and the rains destroyed her every hour that was passing away. Sometimes her hand she would stretch to some creature passing by, but no answer or look or a word knew she, and going by in lonesome silence of dread were the months of short days and long nights. Losing count of time was she, walking in great want and living on roots, fruits, and odd potatoes at times.

'What way will it be,' she thought, 'if I do not find the cross roads on Shrove! 'Tis in great dread I am, of not finding my soul at all this day or any other.'

Wild with fear was she.

One day she woke at dawn, on a fine soft morning.

'A spring day,' she thought, 'has come into the world entirely. Too weak to walk, spent and starving I am, but water I must drink for I'm dead on myself with the drought.'

Down she bent over a spring of clear running water, then up to the hills she looked.

'Can it be my own hills? Is it under the shadow of the whispering rock I am lying? Is it my own comrades, my own winds, that are minding me? It is my soul that I will find this day. Can it be Shrove, with the hope of the world in the winds of the west? 'Tis my soul I shall be finding, and back to the little cabin I will go.'

The happiness on herself and her weakness were entirely too

great. Dragging herself on her knees she crept to the bend of the cross roads to look down the track of a bohireen¹ leading to the deep lake of the Black Valley. Listening in great silence was she, and a great wonder came filling herself when she heard, far away in the mist, the sound of a song. Distant as a dream for the space of a while with little enough to hold or to hear, but rising louder, it grew calling through the valley that clear day of spring long ago.

'It is Shrove,' whispers Mary, 'tis the song of the silver harp with the golden cords; my soul is coming back that way to me.'

Then she knelt and waited, with a heart near breaking, and for sure she saw a small distant dark cloak, the like of a cape, and walking towards her with a great swing and a stride was the Traveller of the Silver Harp. And soon before her eyes, for not uncertain was her sight, were his dark face and darker hair, bending over the harp with the cords of gold, sweeping, twisting the song out of it with the great skill of his hands. But on that Shrove, in the dawn, it sang of all that is lost, and all that is gone, and the depths of that valley were filled with the sound of the tears of the winds and the sorrows of years.

'Stop, stop,' she cried, 'for spent I am. Stop! Great Traveller of the False Song, give me back my soul!'

'Tis my gold you have, Mary of Great Riches. 'Tis your soul I will keep!'

'Take your gold, dark Traveller, for my soul I must have,' and her cry brought pity from the stones.

'Give me my gold then, Mary,' said he, and the song of the harp was both cruel and cold.

Then it was that she tried to throw the gold from herself, but the weakness on her was entirely too great, she was not able, the pitiful creature, to move one single pound at all. Struggling, stretching her poor weak hands without the avail of a child, betrayed unto death was Herself of the winds. And the Harp, singing wild and loud, told the same fearsome tales as hung in her eyes.

'You are keeping my gold, Mary,' says he, 'your soul is mine this Shrove and all days.'

Away he strode, gathering his black cloak around him, and his harp on his back. But 'twas not passing so he was to be, for the Winds of the world were listening in the shadow of the whispering

¹ Small road.

rock. Rising then they came, with a rush and a roar, the like of a storm at sea, and mighty was their stir and their strength breaking over the high mountains of the west. They gathered themselves together with the force of four giants ; and why not, for wasn't it a great love they had always for Mary ? Mary of the Winds was she, and saving her soul that day they would be.

Striking a hard blow above and below to make a great fight, came the Wind of the North ; he it was who had rushed always with easiness over the cabin in times of great storms, and that without touching it at all. He it was who, with the blast of the trumpet of God, threw up the gold, destroying and scattering it this way and that. Away it flew, carried by the smite of his blow to the salt depths of the sea, and lying there cursed it is to the end of the world.

A strange thing then happened, for as the golden pounds were scattered, her soul, tired maybe of the ache of long travel, returned to the comfort of herself, borne back, they say, by the strength of the arms of the West Wind, and the South, and the North, and the East ; and isn't it reaching still they are round the life and the death of this world of queer days ?

'Thank the Great Name of God !' cried Mary, and then too spent for more words, she lay sleeping in the stillness of the Long Rest.

Then the Winds, God bless them ! with the help of the clouds, carried her and her soul on over and beyond the summits of the hills of many worlds. And she heard as she went, high overhead, who knows, the cries of a child or maybe two, and the call of Himself from the lone cabin below, for the shower that fell that dawn had the like of the sound of the blessing of tears. Was the creature not sorrowing indeed for the great trouble she had been after bringing to her own in the world ?

But the North Wind for sure stayed back the space of a while. A stroke he would give to the Traveller of the Silver Harp with the Golden Cords. 'Twas a stroke then he gave such as never was heard since or before, with a noise such as thunder fighting in the great prisons of the hills, or more like, some say, with its might to crash of the end of the world. Caught then was the dark traveller, with the false song of the Silver Harp, and with great fear and great strides, he fled into the shadow of the dark valley below.

'Tis a sad tale and a strange one, but 'tis not lying I am. It happened in days long ago, and to this day they say that on windy

evenings the song of the harp is heard from afar, like an echo at times, by the cross roads of the Windy Gap, the pass of many hills. The music they are after hearing is so soft, yet sometimes so sad and so wild, that it is as the song of the Silver Harp with the Golden Strings.

'Tis at dawn on Shrove mornings that is seen the lonesome figure of Himself of the Windy Gap, standing at the cabin door looking beyond, with the shadow of his hand covering his eyes. Patient and sorrowful, watching and calling through all time the name of Mary, by the hills and the valleys that lead to the sea. Holding a little child by the hand, 'tis Mary of the little cabin he calls, but the echoes of the hills call again Mary of the Winds, for Mary of the Winds was she.

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THE NORTH SEA.

BY FLEET SURGEON.

If any attempt be made to understand the chief occupation of the British Fleet in war-time, it is first of all necessary to have an intelligent comprehension of the physical geography of that patch of water separating the eastern coasts of Great Britain from the Continent of Europe, and known as the North Sea. In our older school maps it was also marked 'or German Ocean,' but the claim to the latter title has practically lapsed since August 4, 1914, and will not be revived, in all probability, during the life-time of any of the present combatants.

This North Sea has peculiar characteristics, many of them exceptionally favourable to the operations of the German Fleet, and few of them favourable to the British. Our ships have been built to serve in any climate and against any enemy, whilst the Germans have built theirs with the prime object of threatening the British coasts and only operating in the North Sea, within a few hundred miles of their bases. Just as it is true that the specialist in all professions must be more competent in his specialised subjects than his more catholic brethren, so the specialised German Fleet in this area undoubtedly possesses certain advantages over the generalised British Fleet. This superiority is confined to his ships and methods of warfare and their adaptation to the particular duties they are designed for.

It is hoped in this description of the North Sea to clear up these points, so that the non-sea-going reader may grasp just what these advantages are and how they impose certain dispositions on the British Fleet, and also how this superiority is being met and overcome by the British seamen and their Allies.

If we take a line from Unst in the Shetland Islands to Bergen in Norway, and two other lines—one from Unst and the other from The Naze—to the Channel at Dover, we are enclosing a roughly triangular space which, for purposes of the present warfare, may be described as the North Sea. The only entrances to this area from the Atlantic are through the Straits of Dover, by way of the English Channel, or across the line Unst-Bergen. Passage through the Straits of Dover can be readily barred by mechanical means,

but the line Unst-Bergen is 180 miles long (a channel three miles wide along its eastern border is the territorial waters of Norway), and can only be closed by patrolling cruisers. There are also two narrow passages between the Shetlands and Orkneys and between the Orkneys and the North of Scotland, but, like the Dover Straits, they can easily be closed to hostile traffic. For all practical purposes, it may be asserted that when Germany was blockaded by the British Fleet, exit from the North Sea was only possible to her across the line Unst-Naze. The line Unst-Bergen can easily be blockaded by the British Fleet up to a point, so that exit by the northern route is almost impossible. But, unfortunately, there is such a thing as the three-mile limit, and any enemy ship which cares to do so can pass up the North Sea within the neutral waters of Norway and, though she may be plainly visible to the blockading fleet, they have no power to bring her to action.

It is *im*politic to blockade the coast of Norway—who would object to such a procedure just as much as the United States do. As the blockading fleet could not possibly pretend to watch the whole of the coast of Norway, there is nothing to prevent a mercantile or fighting submarine passing up the coasts of Norway to any point she pleases, and from there dashing across the Atlantic to the United States. When travelling on the surface, no submarine would be visible at a distance of over four miles, whilst her antagonist could be picked up at perhaps as much as ten miles, thus giving the submarine time to submerge and continue her voyage beneath the surface until such time as she thinks it safe to emerge. As there is nothing in ordinary weather to give any indication of the direction in which the submarine is travelling under water, the surface ship is entirely at a loss as to what direction she must travel in. The surface ship also dare not remain at rest near where the submarine submerged, as if it were a fighting ship it might have the opportunity of sinking the surface vessel. So as she moves on she may be making a course diametrically opposed to that of the submarine.

There is nothing wonderful about the mercantile submarines managing to evade the blockade, but it is marvellous that in spite of their handicap the British patrolling fleet have succeeded in bringing the career of some of these same submarines to an untimely end.

Studying the chart of the North Sea, its shallowness is the first characteristic impressed upon one. Except for a curious deep-

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water channel of about 150 fathoms depth and fifty miles width, running along the west coast of Norway, southward round the Naze and up into the Skager Rack, there is no place in the whole area where the depth is over 90 fathoms. Starting at the line Unst-Bergen, the depth is 65 to 85 fathoms, and working southward the depth gradually and uniformly decreases, until twenty miles off Heligoland it is only 20 fathoms, and the same distance off the coasts of Holland and Belgium it is about 15 fathoms. From these distances the coast gradually shelves shoreward, so that the 10-fathom line runs down the coast on an average about twelve miles from it. Off the coast of England are numberless sandbanks and shallow patches, and these considerably restrict the navigable area; and the same kind of obstruction encumbers, in a bewildering manner, the coasts of Germany, Holland, and Belgium. The largest of these sandbanks is the well-known Dogger Bank, and this has a big patch with only 7 to 9 fathoms of water on it, lying about sixty-five miles from Spurn Head. There are numerous other banks running parallel to the English coast, and all of them dangerous to large ships. As most of the buoys and lightships marking these dangers have been removed since the war started, and celestial observations, which are the only safe method of finding the position of the ship, are often impossible for days together, it is needless to point out the difficulties that beset the navigator.

Tides run strongly and uncertainly, so that positions calculated by dead reckoning alone are often untrustworthy; so that when a ship reports that she is engaged with the enemy in such and such a position, the point arrived at by the supporting ships may be separated from the point desired by ten, fifteen, or even twenty miles.

The distances across the North Sea are short. From the Forth to Jutland is only about 400 miles, and from the Humber to Heligoland about 240. These short distances must be remembered when we come to speak of the relative speeds of the two fleets.

It is obvious that an enemy ship doing 25 knots can cross from Heligoland to the Humber in ten hours, and that if she is pursued by a 26-knot ship from the mouth of the Humber, a ten-mile start will mean that the German ship will be under the protection of the land forts before the British vessel can bring her to action.

As the British are always the pursuing vessels, the enemy have the advantage of being able to direct the action into any waters they choose, and they generally try to bring the British into a previously mined area, in which they know the channels, or signal

to their submarines to lie in wait at such and such a point. This manœuvre was carried out successfully in the Dogger Bank action, which had to be broken off by Beatty on account of the presence of enemy submarines, and again in the affair in the North Sea in September 1916, when the *Falmouth* and *Nottingham* were sunk.

Except for an hour or so during the battle of Jutland, when the Germans thought they had the British Battle Cruiser Fleet only to deal with, they have always attempted to avoid an action. When the British bluejacket moans that the German Fleet will not come out, he does not mean that they never put to sea. What he means is that they always avoid a fight, unless they think that the enemy will be foolish enough to follow them across previously prepared mine and submarine areas. The object of the 'tip and run' expeditions is to get public opinion to force the Commander-in-Chief's hands, so that in a future raid he will order our ships to chase and engage the enemy at all costs. What annoys the British bluejacket more than anything else is that the German always acts on the presumption that our officers are idiots and utterly incompetent. Treading on the tail of your enemy's coat is a poor game, unless you know what the coat covers.

The weather in the North Sea is usually bad. According to statistics published in the *North Sea Pilot*, the wind has been found to blow with a force of five or over on an average of ten days during every month throughout the year, and with a force of ten or over twice every month during October to March. A force of five or over means a full summer gale, while a force of ten or over means a hurricane. During the summer, from April to September, on eight days of the month, visibility is only 4000 yards; on eight days 8000 yards; and on the remaining days over 8000 yards. Obviously, fog or mist is to be expected on more than half the days in summer, and in winter the conditions of visibility are only very slightly better. To emphasise what this means, it should be here stated that the actions of Jutland and the Dogger Bank commenced at ranges of 18,000 to 21,000 yards.

From the official statements quoted above, it can be gathered that if the British Fleet proceeds to sea for three days, on one of the days they will meet a gale which may rise to the force of a hurricane, one of the days will be foggy or so misty that gunnery will be difficult, and one of the days will probably be good fighting weather. If the fleet desires to avoid action, it can count on doing so for two days of the three it remains at sea. This is of immense

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advantage to the Germans, allowing them to decide nearly always whether they will fight or not.

Of course these figures and statistics are all based upon averages. It is possible, and quite frequent, in winter to go to sea for three days and meet nothing but gales, to have nothing except fog and mist for three days in summer, and to have three days of perfect weather for Hun-hunting in spring or autumn. And, alas! it has happened, with fortunate results for the German Fleet, that often there are days when the weather can best be described as samples.

The waves thrown up by gales in the North Sea are those peculiar to shallow waters. They are short, curling, breaking hillocks of yellowish-green sea, exceedingly trying to small vessels, which pitch and tumble and roll, and, if pressed against it, would rapidly strain and seriously injure themselves. It is a wonderful sight to see them steaming straight into it, their bows diving into the breaker as it curls over and buries the whole of the forecastle, whilst the spray flies in huge masses right over their mastheads. On account of the danger to life and structure they have nearly always to proceed at reduced speed when steaming against even a summer gale. The big ships, of course, can crash through it to their heart's content, but the motion is exceedingly violent at times, making accurate gunnery almost impossible, and they look like half-tide rocks when the short seas they have failed to rise to break over them.

It would take another article to depict as faithfully as is possible the sensations of being driven into a heavy sea, and they need not be dilated upon here.

The instruments of destruction employed in naval warfare are the mine, the torpedo, and the gun. The chief weapon depended upon by the British is the gun, although they use the torpedo to a fair extent and the mine very little. The chief weapons employed by the Germans are the mine and the torpedo. The gun has only been used by them to a slight extent, and then unsuccessfully, except in the battle of Coronel.

Except in the early days of the war, the torpedo has only scored legitimately against the *Falmouth* and the *Nottingham*, and the remainder of the German successes against our ships in the North Sea have been by means of the mine. The torpedo has been relegated by the Germans to the position of the chief weapon against harmless merchant ships.

Without entering into detail, it may be accepted as beyond

dispute that the ideal conditions for successful mine-laying are supplied by navigable channels amongst sandbanks. The sandbanks restrict the area in which the mine-field need be laid, and in the channel the mines can be laid rapidly, keep automatically at their depth of 14 feet much better, and have much better chances of intercepting their unsuspecting victims. The mines must be moored, of course, so that they may not drift into positions in which they would be harmless, or possibly as dangerous to the layers as to their enemies. It is a regulation of the Hague Convention that a mine should at once become harmless if it gets adrift from its moorings; but this is not always easy to arrange, and whether from malice or mechanical difficulties, the German mines have always signally failed to comply with this regulation.

In certain cases the German has deliberately violated the Hague Convention by throwing overboard floating mines when pursued by our ships, and the loss at least of one of our submarines, and probably many merchant ships, was due to this cause in one of the Yarmouth raids. Counting, as usual, on the Britisher being an utter fool, he has also sown floating mines in certain places on the high seas, which show an attachment above the water, closely resembling the periscope of a submarine. Evidently he has thought that the British would ram these mines and be blown up, but the officer of a ship who would do such a thing without seeing the 'feather' which invariably accompanies a real submarine is unknown in the British Navy, and this ruse has been a complete failure, as far as men-of-war are concerned. There can be no reasonable doubt, however, that merchant ships have stumbled in the dark on these periscope mines and have been blown up.

Remembering the description of the configuration of the bottom of the North Sea, it will be readily understood that it is easy for the Germans to mine their own short length of coast, leaving only navigable channels which can be constantly changed by sweeping and remining for the use of their battleships when they go to sea. For the British to mine protectively their own 600 miles of eastern coast would practically be impossible, as well as introducing a large element of danger to the enormous volume of coastwise traffic. But for the Germans to mine offensively our coasts without regard to the laws of humanity or war is comparatively easy, and when done by submarines is almost impossible of detection, except by sweeping or blowing up of a ship. As long as the German mine is moored it is liable to be hit by a ship, but as soon as it is

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adrift the high speed at which our fighting ships usually travel washes them along the side of the vessel, and they nearly always fail to explode. The slow-moving merchant ship does not cause the same amount of wash, and many of them have fallen victims to the German mine far away from the place where it was originally laid.

Early in the war, most of the German mine-fields off our coasts were laid by above-water vessels, but it is pretty safe to say that none of them have been laid in this manner for more than a year past, this work being done nowadays entirely by specially fitted submarine vessels, such as the one which was lately captured and exhibited in the Thames. The procedure of dropping mines is always referred to in His Majesty's Navy as 'laying eggs,' and when a ship explodes one she is said to have 'hatched it.'

The mine is a purely passive agent of destruction, and requires that the ship should come to it and should be unsuspecting. As mines are usually moored at a depth of 14 feet below the surface, so that their presence may not be readily detected by the rise and fall of the waves in rough weather, it follows that they are only dangerous to large vessels of deep draught. The mine-sweepers and small coasting craft pay not the slightest heed to the presence of a mine-field, and steam merrily about in areas where larger ships would meet with certain destruction.

From the description given it will be readily understood that the mine is an exceedingly uncertain instrument of warfare, and when one considers the losses caused to the British Navy by mines laid by Germans, it is exceedingly doubtful whether they have justified the enormous expenditure incurred by their use. They require to be laid in overwhelming numbers; the ships employed are very expensive, as they have to be large, fast, and elaborately fitted. In one case, at any rate, the *Yorck*, and probably in many other instances of which we have heard rumours but no definite information, the miner has been hoisted by his own petard.

The first naval action of the present war was the sinking of a German mine-layer by one of His Majesty's light cruisers. Many mine-fields have also been laid without causing injury to a single British fighting ship.

From the actively hostile point of view, the German mine has been a failure. But the knowledge of its possible or probable existence has a powerful moral effect on the commanding officers of fleets. No admiral would dare to court disaster by leading

his fleet over a known mined area, so that for defensive purposes along a short stretch of coast-line, such as the navigable approaches to Germany, in the North Sea, the mine is a cheap and certain weapon. Even though it should not be there, the probability that a certain area is mined will keep the hostile fleet away.

The only method of attacking a mined coast is by first sweeping a channel, but this is an exceedingly slow process. It requires that the trawlers should be well backed up by strong forces, and renders the supporting ships an easy prey to submarine attack. Against a determined enemy, it would almost certainly result in heavy losses of ships.

The torpedo is the weapon *par excellence* of the submarine and the destroyer. The destroyer, of course, is an above-water craft, and its movements are plain to be seen and countered by other destroyers, the more powerful light cruisers, and battle cruisers. But the submarine is on another footing altogether. Invisibility to the enemy is its chief asset, but as its under-water speed is low—rarely over 14 knots—it cannot chase the above-water ships. Its best chance of striking a blow, therefore, is to lie about somewhere near the entrance to harbours or frequented channels and trust more or less to chance that luck will bring a ship near enough for it to fire a torpedo with every probability of hitting. Should it fire and miss, it will have betrayed its presence, and must at once submerge to a depth of at least forty feet to avoid the zig-zag rushes of the enemy. As it must show its periscope on coming to the surface, the probability is that it will be seen before it can see, and find the forefoot of a destroyer in unpleasant proximity to its hull. Therefore, having fired its shot, the submarine usually at once makes for the bottom and remains there, or steers blindfold a course deep down, which it hopes will take it away from the dangerous area. Every submarine officer knows when he has fired a shot, whether successful or not, that the next time he emerges may be his last moment on earth. The courage of some of our submarine officers must be gauged from the fact that, despite the risks, some of them have fired two shots at enemy ships at very short intervals.

I have said that the submarine must submerge to a depth of 40 feet below the water level, so as to avoid the keels of the warships, many of which draw well over 30 feet. The body of the submarine is probably about 20 feet in diameter, so that to be able to manœuvre at that depth there must be at least 13 or 14

fathoms of water where they are working. Greater depths than these are usual in the main navigable channels to all the principal British naval ports in the North Sea, but as has been already remarked, this depth can only be found 10 to 15 miles out from the channels to the German ports. To keep up an efficient blockade at this distance out would require a submarine at least every 5 miles for the 180 miles stretch, meaning, with reliefs and allowances for passages, probably well over a hundred submarines. Even if it were possible to supply this number and to keep them in their proper stations—a matter of extreme difficulty amongst the strong tides and patches of outlying shallow water—the very multiplication of numbers would ensure a steady supply of victims to the German anti-submarine tactics.

In spite of the very real advantages conferred upon them by our narrow deep-water channels, the German submarines have only torpedoed three ships in the North Sea during eighteen months. It is not surprising that our own submarines, confronted with much greater difficulties, have not been much more successful. Our ships have constantly patrolled the North Sea, whilst the larger ships of the German fleet have rarely emerged from the shelter of their mine-fields. When the weather is stormy in the shallow southern waters, our submarines are subjected to the motion called 'pumping,' which can best be likened to the up-and-down motion in the water which can be imparted to an almost sinking body by pushing it downwards. This rising and falling in rapid succession may be for as much as 30 feet, and is exceedingly trying to the crews. Such pumping motion can be avoided off our coasts by submerging in depths of over 20 fathoms.

The torpedo—usually known as a 'fish' in the service—is practically a self-propelled mine, the machinery of which is driven by compressed air. It is fired by compressed air or powder from a torpedo-tube, the object of the firing merely being to get it clear of the ship's side and start it on its initial course. By an elaborate system of horizontal and vertical rudders, controlled by a gyroscope, it returns to its original course when temporarily deflected, and maintains its position at a depth of about 12 to 15 feet. At the forward end is the live head, filled usually with a charge of tri-nitro-toluene, and on the head striking an object, a percussion arrangement detonates the explosive. The depth it runs at is calculated, so that it can reach the unprotected vitals of the enemy. It is comparatively slow, the speed of many of our fast fighting

ships closely approaching it. It is fairly easily turned aside from its course by waves or the wash of a ship, but after swinging about for a little the gyroscope pulls it back again. It has a range of anything up to ten miles, but is rarely used at this distance. Its greatest successes, as in the early days of the war in the North Sea and the Dardanelles, were when it was fired at point-blank range.

If a hole a foot square be made in the bottom of a ship at a point 9 feet below the water line, the water will enter at the rate of 2470 tons per hour, and if it be 13 feet square, which would not be a large hole to be caused by the explosion of a torpedo, the water will enter at the rate of over 30,000 tons an hour. There are no pumps made on board a ship which could cope with a thirtieth part of this inrush, so that the safety of the ship must depend on the number of her water-tight compartments and the strength of her bulkheads. The older ships were not so minutely subdivided and strengthened as the more modern ones, which accounts for the fact that the ships torpedoed early in the war sank very quickly, whilst the *Marlborough* seven minutes after being struck was again taking her place in the fighting line.

It is not yet fully realised by the British public the important part in the fighting that visibility takes. In all the reports of actions visibility is referred to again and again; but it must be insisted upon that visibility is not of so much importance in the matter of seeing clearly as seeing at a distance. All ships are compromises between weight and speed. It is impossible to combine both. You can have heavy armour, heavy guns, huge coal capacity, and therefore long-distance steaming powers and low speed; or light guns, light armour, small fuel capacity, and high speed, or any combination of the two conditions you please. The British ships are built to fight in any part of the world, and therefore heavy guns, light armour, and large fuel capacity with moderate speed have been considered the more advantageous combination. The German ships are built to fight in the North Sea, and the North Sea only, and they have decided upon light guns, heavy armour, low fuel capacity, and moderate speed, compared with our ships of the same class. At long ranges, the advantage of the heavier guns more than counterbalances the protection of the heavier armour. At short ranges, the smaller gun has penetrating power against thin armour probably equal to our heavier guns against the thicker armour. In the North Sea the greater fuel capacity of the British ships is of little value.

In a previous paragraph it was stated that on sixteen days out of thirty the visibility in the North Sea was under 8000 yards. That means, of course, that in action on sixteen days out of thirty, the British fleet loses the well-marked advantage to be derived from fighting at long ranges. The Germans have counted upon this, and hence their relative proportions of guns and armour.

Class for class, the smaller guns of the German Fleet will probably pierce the thinner armour of the British ships, whilst their heavier armour will protect them better against our heavier armament. Of course when our big guns do pierce, the explosion is much more destructive than the shells of smaller calibre of the enemy; but direct hits with big guns are not frequent occurrences.

The German gunners apparently cannot stand punishment as well as the British. As the ranges closed, their heavy gun firing became wild and made few hits. As they carry a large number of guns in their secondary armament, it is not surprising that in the tornado of firing a few of these latter should occasionally find a target. As far as can be judged, the British gunnery steadily improves as the action progresses, and at fairly close ranges the hitting by our big guns is most marvellously rapid and accurate, and in the battle of Jutland finally did so much damage that the Germans broke off the engagement and fled.

The difficulties in the way of hitting the target in sea fighting are very numerous. As compared with land artillery, the following are the most important:—Neither the gun platform nor the target is fixed, as both are moving through the water at speeds which are not uniform. Besides the forward movement the range is constantly closing and opening, and as the result of a slight alteration in course, a change of only 90 feet will make all the difference between a hit and a miss at long ranges. The gun platform, i.e. the ship itself, is unsteady either from the movement of the sea or the motion imparted to the ship by the recoil of the guns. Should the shell not fall exactly on the required position in land fighting, it may still do a great deal of damage. At sea a miss is as good as a mile, although in the battle of the Dogger Bank the *Kolberg* is said to have been sunk by overs from H.M.S. *Tiger*.

The first principle of strategy in naval warfare is the same as strategy on land, and is directed towards engaging the enemy with superior forces. If a fleet is split up into small squadrons, the enemy has nothing to do but bring out all his fleet in force and destroy these squadrons *seriatim* before the others can come up

in support. The British superiority in numbers is not great enough, and never could be great enough, to allow us to keep isolated squadrons scattered all over the coast in order to protect it from raids. I have already stated the reasons why the German coast can be easily rendered immune from raids and why ours is so vulnerable. When the enemy makes a raid on our coasts, what he always hopes is that the panic caused by these raids may force the Admiralty to split up our fleet, so that it will be employed purely in local defence. Should that policy be adopted, the end of the British supremacy at sea is within sight. The Germans need only send a few ships across to keep the isolated squadrons busy while the main fleet attacks and destroys the depleted Grand Fleet. He thought he had managed just such a manœuvre at the battle of Jutland—that the Battle Cruiser Fleet was isolated from the Grand Fleet, and that he had nothing to do but devour them at his leisure. He has a little more respect for the British strategy now. Lately, by impressing the British public by futile Channel raids, he hopes to raise such a howl as will compel the Admiralty to adopt a dangerous policy. Unfortunately, a part of our Press—and a part which ought to know better—plays into the enemy's hands, and does its best to force the Admiralty to do what is criminally wrong by asking the question, 'Who rules the North Sea?'

It would be a very pleasant thing to know that the questioner was on board one of those raiding German vessels. They would supply him with the only answer:

'The British Navy rules the North Sea.'

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